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**OUR FIRST
BIRTHDAY ISSUE!**



**SPECIAL
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**The
All
True
National Sex
News Magazine**

**Have Bed Will Travel:
THE NUDIEST
FANNE FOXE EVER!**

**Amateur Winners of Our
SECOND ANNUAL
\$1,000 B.J. CONTEST**

**MISS VICKIE'S FIRST
PROFESSIONAL
PICTORIALS**

Plus:

**THE BEST OF
OUR FIRST
SIX ISSUES**

**The Deaf-Dumb Stripper
Who Does It For A Dollar**

**Annie Sprinkle
Gets Deep-Fisted**

Pregnant Girl Making It

**Looselips:
The Knottiest Nookie
In History**

Honeysuckle Sprays

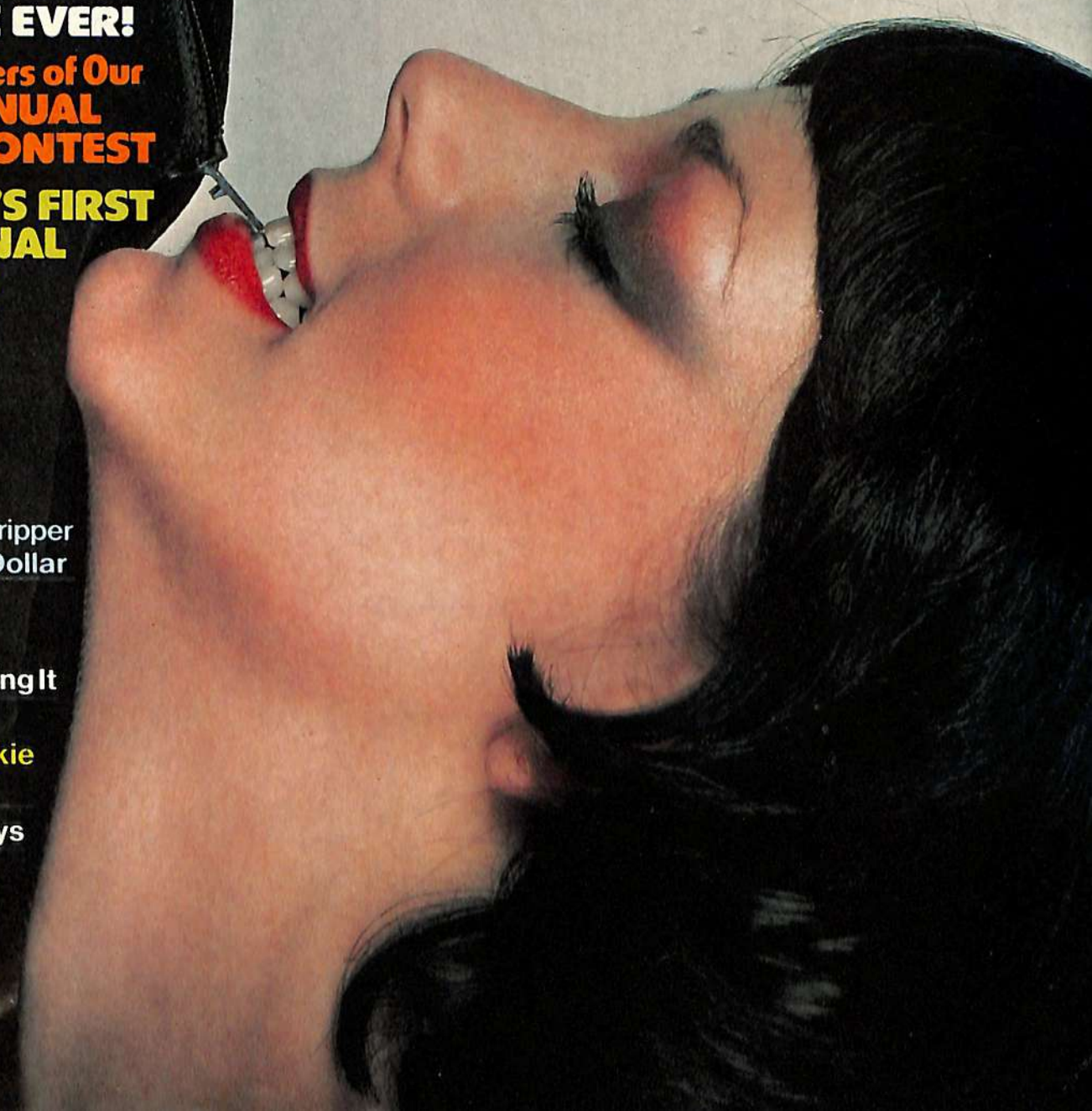
**Great American
Glory Holes**

**How To Shave
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Boob Bondage

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AUGUST



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Sue Feele, Cherry Bomb, Fanne Foxe

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 1

AUGUST 1977



Amazing A. Ambers and C.B. Lucci



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dominatrix par excellence

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Mike Foldes and
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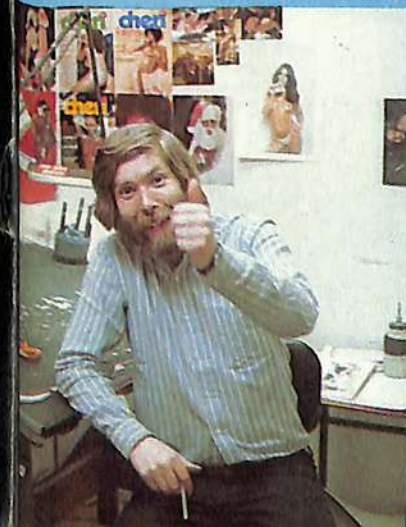
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Live Sex Partners Open Up

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Linda and Carroll from Odessa, Tex.
(winners of the Kim Pope giveaway)



Photo editor Peter Hurd at work? At play? Asleep?



Editor Peter Wolff at work with Cherry Bomb.



Max Mann



Herb Jonas



Stylist Peter Wolff at work with Michelle Lake



San Francisco's Mary Sativa



Honeysuckle "Betsy" Divine



Harry Reems and Audrey Andrews



Resident maso, Terry Kolb



Britt Loveland



Houston's Liz Dean



Personals editor Renee Rousseau



Mimi Mammari,
Ma Bell's hellkitten



Divinely decadent Maureen Murphy



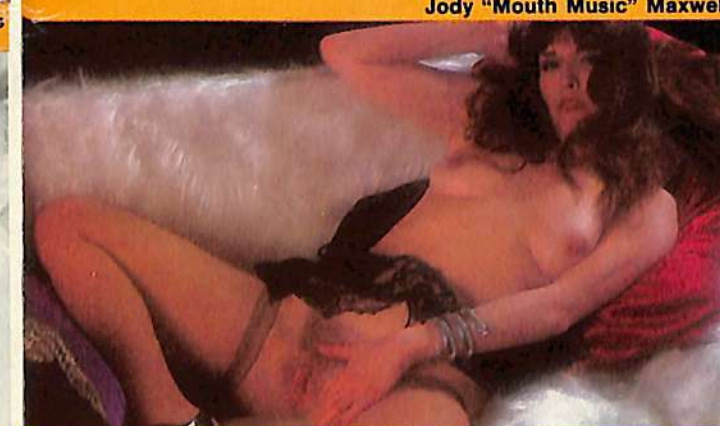
Minneapolis Lynn Berry



Kim Pope, undercover reporter



Swing columnists Susan & Marc



Jody "Mouth Music" Maxwell

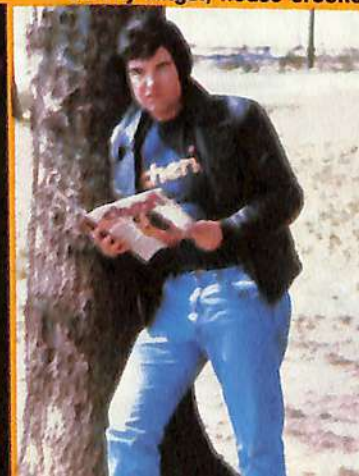


Stage manager Wolff hard at work with Felisha Gitano.

Kinky & Nicky, house cut-ups



Jimmy Angel, house crooner



Jamie Gillis, eating-out editor



Barbara the Barmaid



Many-faced Marlene Willoughby



Felisha Gitano, house gypsy



Sharon Mitchell, house honey



Looselips

C.J. "The B.J." Laing in repose





Rebecca of Funnycrack Farm



The Shitty Bird Man and authoress Michelle Lake



Elda Stilletto, singer-singer



Alexandra, centerfold-cub reporter



Editht the nuditht



Former pal Gloria Leonard



Chicago's Tiffany Mannix

Nippy Phillips, king of the pink paparazzo



Roberto Morrison and a girl named S.



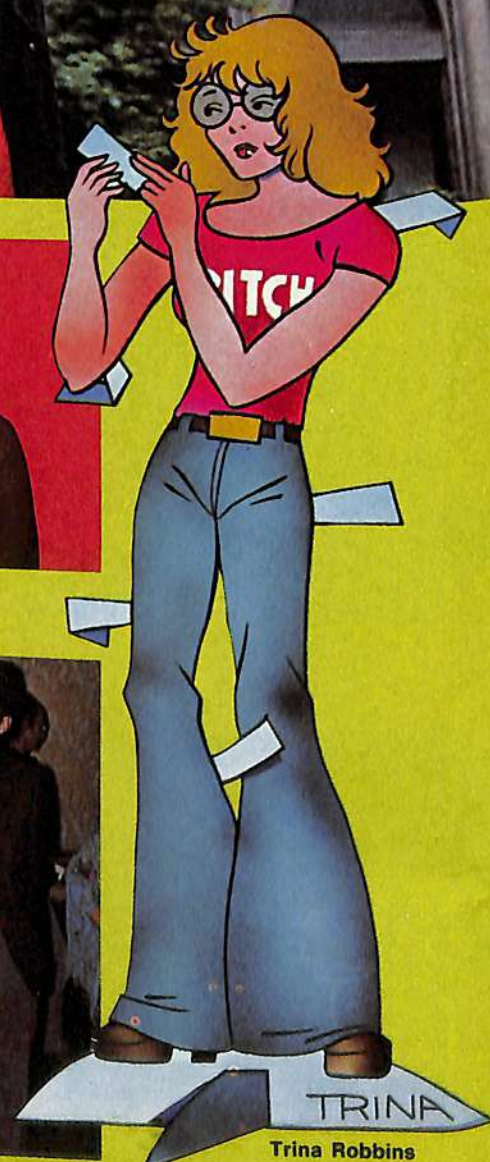
Reviewist Robert Amsel



Bloodnik John Triboletti

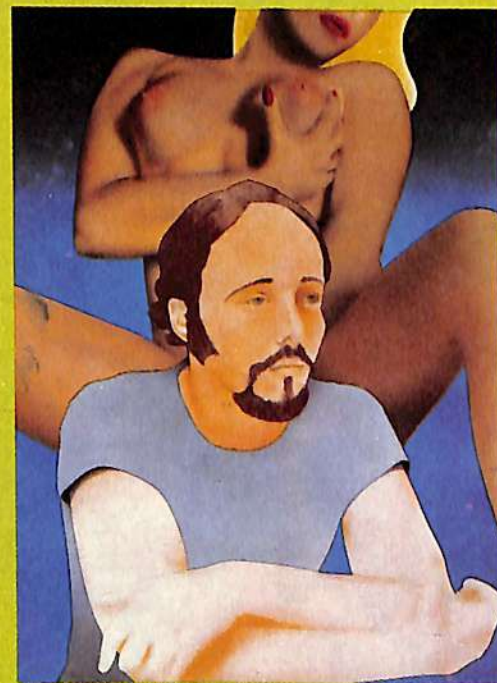


Frisco's Big Red and R. Crumb (CHERI, December)

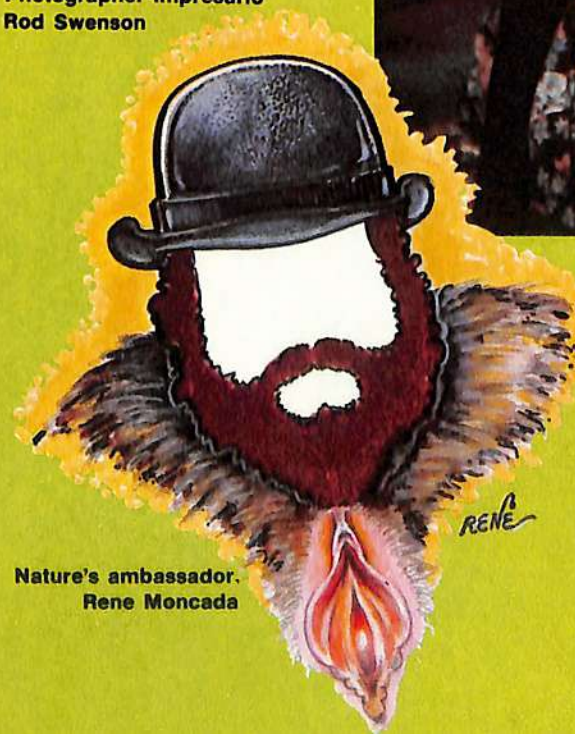


Trina Robbins

Authoress-centerfold Annie Sprinkle



Photographer-impresario Rod Swenson



Nature's ambassador. Rene Moncada



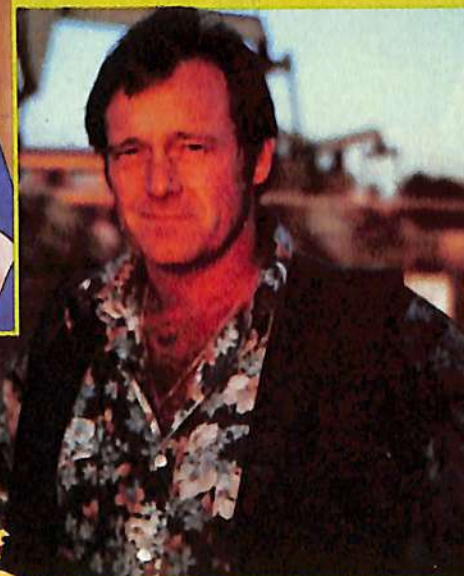
Victoria Stage



L.A. photographer Richard Dante

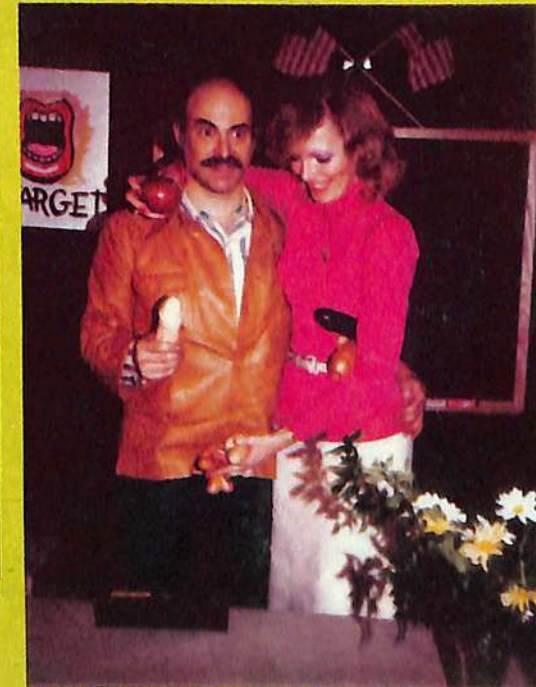


Illustrator Bruce Patterson

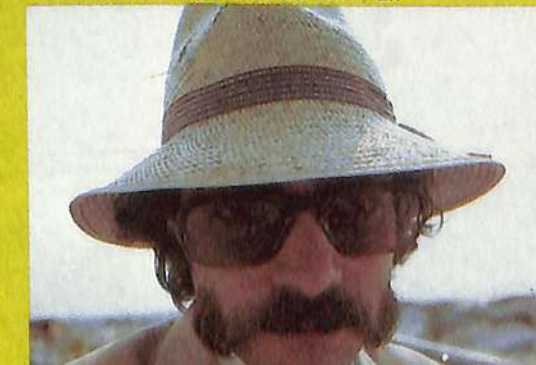


Cartoonist Barney Steel
Rhonda T. on the rag

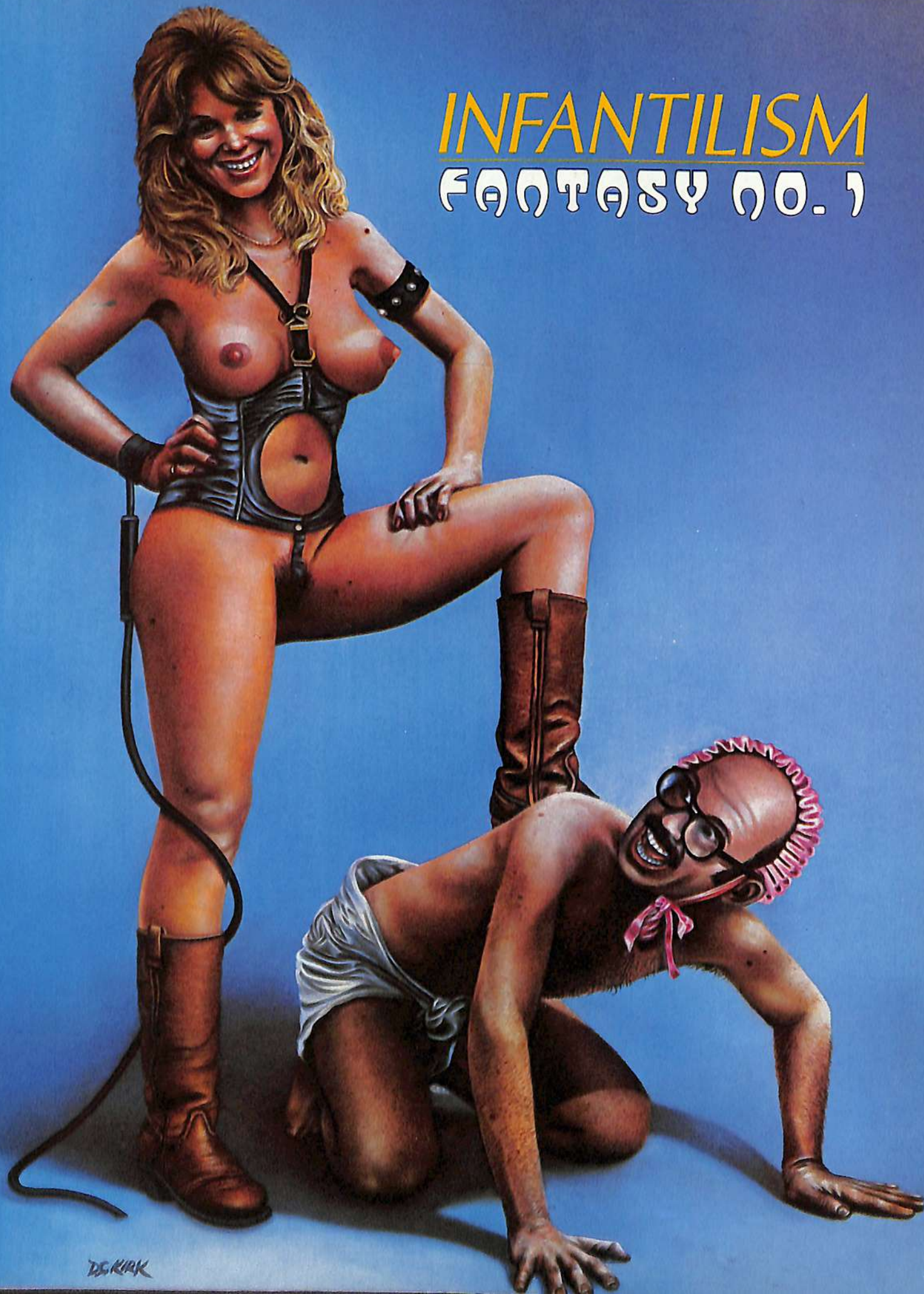
Author-director-living legend, Richard Milner



The Inscrutable Carlos de Norman



INFANTILISM FANTASY NO. 1



DE KIRK

CHERI'S SECOND ANNUAL \$10000 BLOW-JOB CONTEST:

THE WORLD SERIES OF COCKSUCKING



SPECIAL
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BIRTHDAY
FEATURE

CHOCOLATE COCK CANDY LOVE BAR
CHOCOLATE, 159 West 33rd St., New York
10001. "The Love Bar" is available in two
flavors: milk and bittersweet.

FIRST RUNNER UP • BARBARA DEAN

Let's hear it for Maggie May Steele! The lithe blonde 22-year-old factory worker recently survived a four-day trial by fire to win our Second Annual \$1000 Amateur Cocksucking Championship.

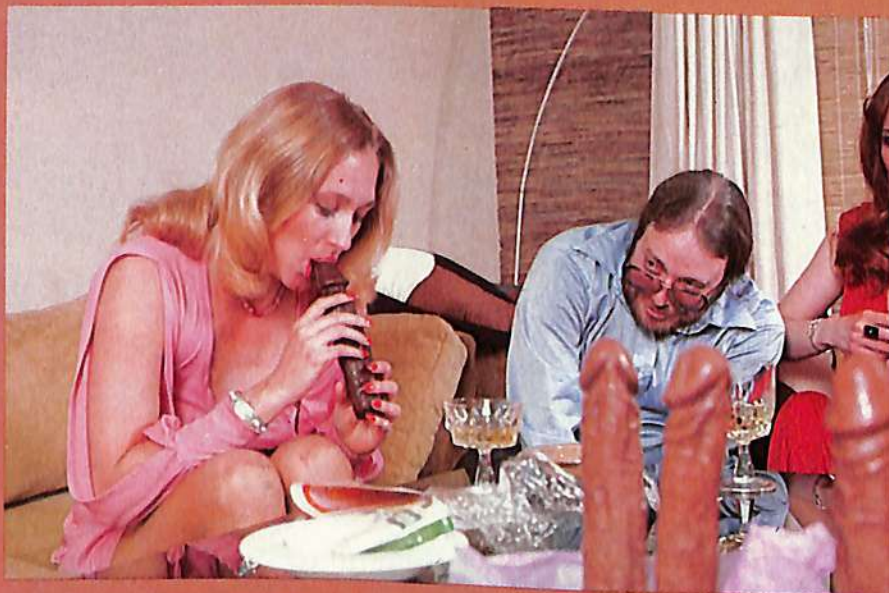
Maggie, an enthusiastic, hardsucking contestant, bested Barbara Dean, a young masseuse from Sebastopol, California; Sharon Gilbert, a 30-year-old librarian from Rochester, N.Y.; and Lacey Black, a graduate student from the Gary, Indiana suburbs, to earn her spurs—and a check for \$1000!

Barbara took home \$750 and Sharon and Lacey got consolation checks of \$500 for their losing efforts.

Cal Rogers, a salesman from the Midwest (no details, the man is happily married and the mustache he wears in the accompanying photos is, of course, fake) won our Dreamsuck contest and its delectable first prize: a dinner date with the able Ms. Steele.

The finalists were chosen from several hundred written entries submitted by CHERI readers from all 50 states.

From these entries, judges Peter Wolff and Andrea Ambers (of our staff) and CHERI columnist Jody Maxwell, Judaeo-Christendom's reigning head maven, selected four finalists. They were flown to New York at the magazine's expense and asked to participate in a sort of soft-core World Series of Cocksucking.



SECOND RUNNER UP • LACEY BLACK



Each contestant was judged in four separate ways:

1) They were asked to read their winning letters aloud—with passion, verve, and conviction;

2) They were required to give a two-minute demonstration of oral techniques on the bittersweet Love Bar, a unique, realistic all chocolate dildo;

3) They were asked two questions apiece by judges Wolff, Ambers, and Maxwell;

4) They were interviewed in the privacy of their rooms by each of the judges.

Barbara Dean, the blonde Californian, led off the competition. She read her winning letter—which she herself wrote (although she tried to fool us by sending a man's name). The missive went, in part, like this:

"I feel weird because I usually would rather suck cock than fuck. . . . I love it when it grows in my mouth. . . . I love to lick a guy's asshole before I give him head. . . . I long for the volcanic explosion of his tasty lava. . . . If I were a cock, I would come in my own burning mouth and smile while I longingly drank every drop. Cocks of the world, come on in, and let me show you ecstasy."

Barbara then gave a virtuoso performance on the Coco-Cockee and responded like this when Editor Ambers asked her about her favorite cock size:

"About five-and-half to six inches

THIRD RUNNER UP • SHARON GILBERT

long—and not chocolate! Thin in circumference but not pencil-thin. The really thin ones cut your gums and get stuck between your teeth!"

Maggie Steele, the Ohioan, followed Barbara to center stage. Maggie is unusual in the history of our contest because she's one of the few women who ever owned up to nominating herself.

Her performance on the Love Bar was superb and brought a brazen proposition from editor Wolff who was promptly beaten about the ears and eyes by the mocha mallet.

Then came the ritual reading of her

letter, some of which went like this:

"I'm not conceited, I'm convinced. Every man I've ever sucked has told me I give fantastic head. . . . I begin with a sensual exploration of his back and ass with my tongue. . . . I fuck his hole with my tongue. . . . I position myself directly beneath him so I can have access to his steaming balls. . . . I suck in long hard slow strokes, gradually increasing my rhythm while pumping his nuts with my hands."

Next came the grilling.

"What was the youngest cock you ever sucked?"

"Sixteen. But I was young then, too. . . ."



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"The oldest?"

"Fifty-six. But not at heart."

Andrea Ambers, who once spent her summer vacation giving a blowjob, asked:

"What was the longest time you've ever sucked without coming up for air?"

"Maybe an hour straight," answered Maggie. "I've done that a couple of times. I really dig getting into it. If you rest at intervals you can do it. My usual time is fifteen, twenty minutes."

Lacey, the college student from Mt. Hebron, Ind., gave a truly smashing performance on the chocolate cock but her letter, wordy and poetically overblown, cost her points with the judges (especially Ambers who nodded out asleep frequently during the judging.)

Wolff asked the first question.

"What's the longest time you've gone without sucking a cock—and did you get

withdrawal symptoms?"

Lacey answered with characteristic grandeur. "I try not to let the sun rise without having sucked a cock. But I had some surgery once and wasn't able to give head for about three days. It was real hard on me and I ended up blowing an orderly out of desperation."

"Another time I was studying for finals and didn't see anybody for about four days. I think the first time after that was the best blow job I ever experienced. I went down to a college bar and blew some fellow under the table. I must have come a quart just doing it."

"What do you do with your hands while you're sucking?" asked Andrea.

"I scratch the inside of the thigh and touch the balls softly."

"Just as long as you don't use 'Cheater's Head' and jerk him off," interjected Jody.



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DREAMSUCK CHAMP • CAL ROGERS



Lacey left her place of honor in triumph, sporting a mouthful of melted chocolate and a shit-eating grin.

The final contestant was skinny Sharon, a seemingly proper and demure librarian, whose libido seethes with sucklust. Her letter went like this:

"I dig guys and chicks. Before I studied to be a librarian, I was going to be a professional oboe player. Then I discovered I preferred the *skin oboe*. . . I pretend to swallow his gush but after he leaves, I fill my secret vial with his cum for tomorrow's facial."

Wolff then asked her how she got in shape for the contest.

"Last week, I paid three guys \$25 apiece to come to my apartment and let me blow them all night," she answered. "Then I fasted for seven days. Now I'm so hot to squat, it's maddening."

What's your favorite taste in cum, asked Jody.

"I'm into Mediterraneans. They eat a lot of garlic and it makes their semen very spicy."

Following the readings and interrogation, Cal Rogers read his prize-winning Dreamsuck letter:

"Nobody in the whole world needs a blow job as much as I do. Two years ago, my wife became a feminist, probably out of boredom with Mah-Jongg. Soon she started accusing me of repressing her and making her a slave. She cut me off sexually, for the most part—especially when it came to blowing me, which she now says is sexually degrading to her. Help!"

Maggie and Calvin spent the next day touring the city and making friends. We have an idea she was just the kind of help he was looking for.



\$10000 WINNER • MăCCLIE MăY



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By **PETER WOLFF**

Maggie Steele is a gas! A smart, hip blue-collarett from the smoky urbias of Ohio, she could care less about what her square compeers think of her philosophical or sexual proclivities. She won our contest through a combination of smarts, balls, and charm, was thoroughly grateful for both the \$1000 First Prize and her date with Dreamsuck winner Al Rogers (they went to Coney Island where, she says, she fell in love with the foot-long hotdogs.)

We hope we haven't heard the last of Sweet Maggie and we're soon going to name her our Ohio correspondent. Look out, Larry Flynt, here she cums!

PETER: So why'd you enter the contest?

MAGGIE: Oh—some men I knew were teasing me, they said I couldn't possibly win—so one night when I was speeding my brains out, I sat down and wrote the letter. Then it took me two days to revise it and send it in.

PETER: Are you into cocksucking as much as you said in the letter?

MAGGIE: I really am. I enjoy people, and I enjoy men most of all. And to get to know a man you have to touch him. If you can touch his being, his soul, you know what he's like . . . and you've got it made. The way to do this is please him. And this is one of the highest forms of pleasing there is.

PETER: When was the last time you gave this kind of pleasure?

MAGGIE: I think you know, but let's not discuss it—I have a jealous boyfriend at home.

PETER: So how does he feel about your coming to New York for the contest?

MAGGIE: He doesn't think I'm coming back. As a matter of fact, when he left me at the airport yesterday, he wouldn't even speak to me. But I don't feel that bad. If he really loved me he'd be proud to have me here, in all those pictures . . . because all his friends read *CHERI*. They recog-

A factory worker from Dayton, contest winner Maggie Steele once got a dollar-an-hour raise for being available to blow her boss whenever he wanted it. . . .



cheri



nized that other picture you printed, despite the fake name . . .

PETER: What was his reaction to that?

MAGGIE: He got very hostile—I almost got thrown through a wall.

PETER: When did you sex life start, actually?

MAGGIE: On my fifteenth birthday. My girlfriend's brother did the honors—and six months later he had me sucking cock. First I thought it was repulsive, the worst thing in the world. And everybody in town was really down on it, so it took me a while to grow out of that attitude.

PETER: Enough of the local color—did

he come?

MAGGIE: Not then—but afterwards, several times. Myself, it took me a while to get over the feeling that it wasn't really right. Morals have changed, people are becoming more open, but still you have older people trying to influence others against it. Yet I've noticed that an older man, even though he doesn't want his wife, or his steady girlfriend, doing anything like that . . . he'll go to another woman. So many of the older women won't do that—and oh, they're missing something so beautiful.

PETER: When did you start getting good?



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Your letter says you're the best.

MAGGIE: Good? I'm still learning, you can always learn, and a man should be the judge of whether I'm the best.

PETER: Well, what do your men in Ohio say?

MAGGIE: That I'm good . . . fantastic. Most of the men I date are older, and they don't like to talk about it, they just like to do it. They most they'll say is, "Hey, that was fantastic!"

PETER: Do some of them like it so much they won't fuck?

MAGGIE: Oh, if a man is selfish, yeah, he doesn't want to fuck too much. But if he's a truly decent, loving person, he'll want to just as much. The best cocksucking is as foreplay or afterplay or in-between play . . . mostly I like it before, it's exciting.

PETER: These older men—can they come two or three times like that?

MAGGIE: Oh yeah. I don't give 'em a choice—I won't let 'em out.

PETER: How many cocks do you think you've sucked, altogether?

MAGGIE: Oh . . . between eighty and one hundred, I suppose. The best time was with a man I really cared about. He was so sensual and responsive, a super all-around fantastic lover, and we really got into different scenes. I like more exciting action than just going into the bedroom and going to bed.

PETER: Like on-location stuff?

MAGGIE: Yeah! Like the places I've worked. One time I had a job pumping gas at this station, and the manager and I were really good friends. He was always teasing me and one afternoon he just dared me—he jumped up on the counter and unzipped his pants and—

PETER: Hold it! Couldn't the customers see?

MAGGIE: Well, the office was like, glass-enclosed, and we were kind of behind the counter . . . they didn't know I was there until I came up for air. Being as he was the manager he wasn't too upset when the customers started pounding on the window for service. And this was during the gas shortage, too!

PETER: But not the sperm shortage, obviously.

MAGGIE: And then there was the parking lot at MacDonald's—see, I lived at home and most of my guys were married, so we really didn't have anyplace to go. Just recently I bought an apartment condominium, with a whole wall full of mirrors, so it's not a problem.

PETER: Like to watch yourself, do you?

MAGGIE: No—my men.

PETER: Ever watch others balling?

MAGGIE: No, I didn't.

PETER: Well, did anyone watch you?

MAGGIE: Only through windows. This was another gas station . . . you know some of them have that two-way glass. But if you get up close you really can see. This time I'd just gone in to have my car fixed.



I didn't really know the mechanic, but he was so good-looking, and so concerned with my car trouble, I just kind of attacked him. Of course I let him think it was his move.

PETER: What position were you in this time?

MAGGIE: Laying on the dirty floor. When we started he was standing up and I was on my knees. But soon we got down to the mad frenzy of fucking—and when I looked up, there was a customer looking back.

PETER: Was that a turn-on?

MAGGIE: I couldn't say. It never happened before. I'm not easy to embarrass, but that did. I think that the things a man and a woman share behind closed doors should be beautiful and loving, and not for others to laugh at.

PETER: Have you ever done more than one guy at a time?

MAGGIE: Yeah. Some of my men will bring along a buddy. But he's not into watching, he's into participating, so he



cheri



doesn't laugh.

PETER: Ever had two cocks in your mouth at once?

MAGGIE: No, but I had three guys on me once. They came and picked me up for a party, and we were supposed to then pick up the other girls. But we didn't—they took me to a house and I had to ball all three so I could get home.

PETER: Don't you think that's rape?

MAGGIE: No—blackmail. I didn't like

that. If I want a man and he wants me, fine, but other arrangements . . . no. I'll do favors but not for money. Now the one mechanic at that gas station, he would've done anything for me. I like to think it's a relationship, that a man's not just giving me what I want so he can get what he wants.

PETER: So you've never gone along with that kind of pressure?

MAGGIE: Well . . . once I did have to put

out where I worked. He said, You give me a raise and I'll give you a raise. I was just sucking, and it went on for quite a while . . . mostly with me on my knees in front of him. He was very macho, very into being boss.

PETER: Wasn't he nice to you, though—grateful?

MAGGIE: Oh definitely—until other people found out and it became a great scandal. But up until then we'd do it once a day, maybe twice or three times, because he was very fast—thirty seconds.

PETER: What's your favorite position for giving head?

MAGGIE: Depends on my mood and my man. I usually let him lead to his favorite position . . . I lay to the left, so he can watch. Watching is a fabulous turn-on for them. Men are so different from each other, though. Some want me on my knees, the dominant position to a fault. That one I haven't totally figured out.

PETER: Has a man ever fucked your mouth?

MAGGIE: Yeah, but I don't like that—it's too rough. Where's the sensuality in a man banging away at your head? You just have to lay there and take it.

PETER: Do you have a reputation as a great cocksucker?

MAGGIE: Oh yes, and some men want to go out with me just to see—a few have been that blunt. When I was featured in your article, one guy offered my boyfriend \$100 to test me (Continued on page 104)



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AUGUST,
1976
CHERI IS BORN

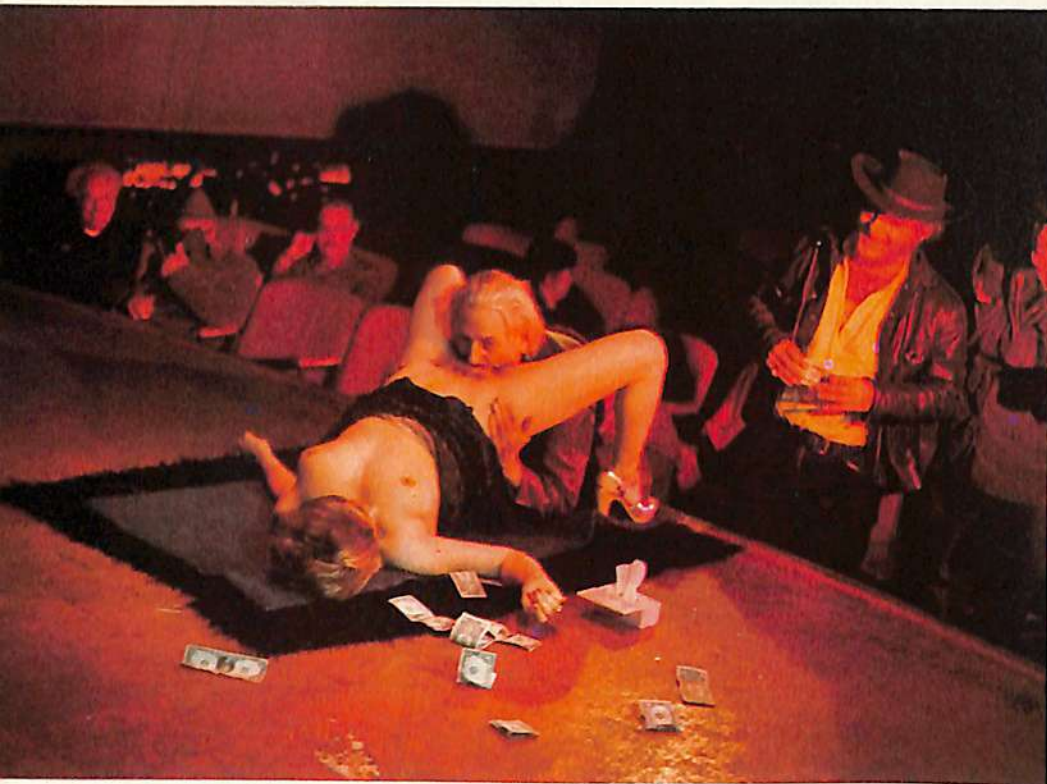
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hen she was a child, Honey Midnite's mama tossed her down a flight of stairs. Because of this, Honey grew up deaf and dumb. Because she was deaf and dumb, she couldn't protest each time her foster father raped her. She couldn't protest when her husband took potshots at her. During the course of her highly improbable life, men have invaded her silent and speechless world with incredible acts of lust and violence. Somewhere along the line, she became a stripper. Today she is a star. For one dollar, *any body* who wants to, can eat her out, on-stage, during her strip act. This is her whole, uncensored story.



Photographs by Pat Flint

By VICTORIA HALPERIN



"By stripping, she is avenging

The neon flutters weakly, and the white face of the theater, sitting on the outskirts of the Forty-second Street midway, hasn't been painted in years. But the customers could care less. They want the "Live On Stage Burlesque" advertised on the greasy canopy. They want the girls whose photos are tacked on the wall inside, with their bare bottoms pushed backward and their heads twisted across their shoulders like cats. Five dollars slid under the cashier's window is what it costs for a seat, any seat, in the dusty theater with its sulfurous stage lights. Men loiter in the lobby, which was once elegant, to peek at the girls standing idly backstage and draped in gauzy robes with iridescent beads twinkling underneath. Then they find a seat in the front row barely a foot from the small, vaudeville stage or retreat farther back in the darkness to a private island where they can grab hold of their stiffening cocks. The modest ones drape one leg over the other, trying to make their fever less conspicuous.

A brief announcement from a male voice offstage. "And now that little bombshell from North Carolina, Miss Honey Midnite." The smooth sounds of the Latin Hustle bubble up as if someone had just dropped a quarter in a jukebox, and Honey walks across the red-painted boards. Her hair is the color of marbelized honey and chocolate, brushed up in a sleek French twist. She wears a gold outfit dotted with shiny silver coins. The pants are tight enough to cinch her waist in. The long-sleeved bolero jacket with the rhinestone fringe hooks at her throat to form the apex at the top of her cleavage. The trick of the stiff, bejeweled bra squeezes her breasts upward so that they jiggle in a little dance of their own. How could they be obscene? They're too healthy. Smooth with body paint, they look sun-fed.

The silver coins flicker, and the men applaud politely. The pretty lady smiles as if to say, "Watch me. You forget. I'll forget too. When I wave my arms, see my tits roll like big round balls. My pouting ass, can you feel it in your hand? And when I kick my legs out to the side, can you just imagine? Feel it, the excitement. It comes in strong, tropical waves, doesn't it. The



cheri



her past and yet men still keep coming back for more..."

little gold patch between my legs fringed with pubic hair has got your eye now. Your wife can't do that for you in her buttoned-up housedress and her vague, early-morning eyes that say you're a very ordinary man. But with my hips thrown forward while I slowly drag my g-string between the lips of my cunt, I'll revive your slumbering male image. You won't even remember that when I cup my own pretty titties and tap the nipples with my fingers. You won't remember the cold rebuffs of ladies you've wanted. You'll just think of me. Look, I'm spreading my cunt for you. . . . Okay, now I'm naked and the dancing is done."

But naked isn't enough. Not anymore. The twenty-five or thirty customers, salvaged from boredom or frustration or anonymity, whatever prods them through the front door, are hungry. There's a massage parlor next door. But they want Honey. Ennobled by the red Victorian drapes and the amber lights, she's a princess, a flesh and blood fantasy. Of course she teases, but when she gyrates without her panties, it doesn't hurt. On the con-

trary, her men can thrive on their illusions—of women open and yet not susceptible, giving with a generosity that asks only an extra dollar, five if you've got it, in return.

She pulls a furry mat downstage, squats like an acrobat, and lays back. From the back row all you can see is the pink bud of her clitoris. With bright eyes she invites the men forward, wags one leg high in the air, or raises her body up in a sort of back bend with her hips free to move.

A white-haired man drags his humpty-dumpty body out of his seat and heads for her damp cunt. His shoulders are stooped, his head is curled forward, a little with age and a little more with an incredulous sense of submission. His hands fumble with her knees, and then he buries his face between her legs. He licks her with youthful vigor while she smiles broadly like a pleased parent saying, "There, you see." Awkwardly, he finds her breasts to nibble. Enough. Honey pushes him back firmly. So he produces his wrinkled dollar bill and waddles back to his seat. A young man with shiny

black hair is surer of himself. He sucks, and little chirps escape from her. Yet her expression never changes because nothing has been revealed, really. Her power is heightened not diminished because she is truly female and her body responds to a clever tongue.

"No Ma'am, I never come on stage." The thought makes her grimace. "I like turning men on. It makes me hot. But eating, that's for money." Anyone can have a mouthful for the price. She even giggles politely when they coo in her ear and beg her for a little of her time later on. But ungentlemanly conduct is something she won't tolerate. The gruff black man who gnawed her clit like a seasoned lamb chop just isn't welcome any more. But most of the men appear grateful, tame, and oddly respectful. The way in which she caters to them is almost wholesome. Before each show she dabs rose-scented cream between her legs, and after each customer she discreetly wipes herself with a damp pink tissue. Most of them go away obediently when she waves them off without seeming to be perturbed by her con-

trol of the situation. No one wants to dispel her magic or drag her down into the realm of human relationship.

Backstage, her husband/manager, Lord S. Duncan, watches the audience with an inquisitor's eye. When they behave, like a den of good cub scouts, he strolls on stage with a big circular mirror that reflects for the audience his wife's legs curled around an unfamiliar head, or he produces a rubber hose—to put out the fire. Everyone laughs with a strained comradery. When someone misbehaves, he barks a warning.

A tedious old man stays all day, stumbles in at one for the first show and is still there, even more gray-faced, at midnight. He's tedious but regular. Sometimes drunk, sometimes repentant, he sends Honey gifts—a pair of black silk panties with red elastic trim and a zipper front. They come with a note: "Hello girl. Pretty lady—hope you are happy with the zipper panties. Bet you do not even remember Joie. But I will be back for a second kiss. Stay warm and well. God Bless." That she can evoke such

a sincere human response from her customers is touching. It almost transcends the wanton carnality of their genuine motivation. "Ma'am . . . you are a doll and I'll be a good boy," writes another tenderly. She has her fans just like Dunaway or Redgrave or Deneuve.

But her fans do not know the woman that she is, why she cares to take off her clothes and sweat for their benefit, or how she came to be a burlesque queen with a laugh that makes you want to hug her and a marked sense of dignity about sex itself.

She waits for her cue in a long flannel bathrobe, buttoned up to her chin, and brown-rimmed glasses. The basement is unheated, and the dressing room is tiny and uncluttered. She smokes cigarettes and absently fingers the snapshots of her two children, who live with her foster mother in North Carolina. They're happy there, she says, shyly lowering her false eyelashes, which are exaggeratedly long and black. "I visit them every two months." But why aren't they with her? "Because I was sick, confused. I couldn't take care of kids." Her voice is halting, and she speaks a clipped southern sing-song, sucking her words back in when they tire her. And they tire her because she's new to speech despite her thirty years, new, in fact, to the world of sound.

She was three years old when her mother, bitten with an uncontrollable temper, threw her down the stairs, breaking her legs and her collar bones and severely damaging her eardrums so that she couldn't hear or learn to speak.



Her mother was sent to prison. Her father, demoralized and overwhelmed by his wife's brutality, shattered and was put in the state hospital, leaving the little girl in the care of her grandmother. With an eager but distorted sense of what would be best for her, her grandmother and father signed a legal agreement that Honey could never be adopted, and she was shuttled for the next twelve or so years from foster home to foster home. "Let me tell you something. They thought they done the best thing for me. They didn't. It hurt me awful bad." Honey's honesty is particularly disturbing because it's as acute and complicated as it is simply put. She leans back in her chair and fumbles in her agitation with another cigarette. What could sound melodramatic in the mouth of someone pushing pity just sounds sad.

Her foster parents, seven different sets, were alternately cruel and negligent. Sometimes she was beaten. Sometimes she was left all alone. She resorted to stealing, a pathetic mouthpiece for a speechless little girl to chose but an effective one. Suddenly, outraged foster parents, righteous neighbors, everyone who hadn't notice before, were anxious to point out right from wrong.

One foster mother found the time to care, and Honey's attachment to the woman has never wavered. She struggled to understand the words at the end of Honey's fingertips, dressed her respectfully, and simply loved her. But the woman's husband had no such sense of humanity. The silent child (Continued on page 28)

Angels With Dirty Faces

Photographs by Peter Hurd

Unlike our competitors, who specialize in the plastic, well-scrubbed look, CHERI has a preference for the sleazy-real. Our gals don't always wash—especially after the rigors of romance. Frankly, it turns us on!





Brenda

Brenda works
in a bank.
Brenda's boss
makes demands
in the vault.
Brenda usually
complies.



cheri

Stella

Stella just
swallowed a canary
named Milton
Rheingold who drives
a truck. Her
mother told her not to
do this. Her mother
also told her to
mind her hygiene.
Stella has a shitty
memory. But a
wonderful head.

(Continued from page 24)

with the tiny, innocent nose and the green-glass eyes made him feel lusty and shameless. Her silence set her apart from the world of accountability. So he tormented her. On a drowsy afternoon while his wife was at work at the cotton mills, he raped her. He bound her tiny wrists behind her back and forced himself between her barren legs. She was eleven then. In the course of two years, he abused her at least a hundred times. Painfully, Honey tried to make her misery clear to her mother. But what little her mother understood, her father dismissed as imaginary. Honey remembers vividly the rainy Sunday when the truth was revealed. Weeping bitterly her mother trooped through the rows of corn growing in the back yard, mindless of the mud and miserably detached from the sobbing girl who refused to let go of her hand. Despite her degradation, she just didn't want to go away. Where else could she be sure of a little warmth, one pair, at least, of gentle hands? After that she spent her days cloistered with a relative of her foster mother's until the woman returned each evening from the mills. Later on, her foster mother took a job at the school for the deaf where Honey was enrolled, learned the language of Honey's hands, and spent as much time with her as she could.

Honey watched the other adolescents with jealous longing. They were sure of their names, their parents, their brothers, their aunts and uncles. Her feeling of rootlessness was a cancerous distraction that made her unable to study and incorrigible in a classroom. Finally, she was brought before the superintendent, whose simple analysis was that she had to be put in touch with her own people. She needed to learn the truth about the past to arrest her endless daydreaming. With that foundation she might be able to establish a sense of herself and put an end to her nervous shivering and her mischievous.

Honey met her father

when she was sixteen years old. He had been in and out of the state mental hospital since the incident thirteen years before, and he had nothing to offer the desperate teen-ager but the polite, vacant gaze of a frightened and unstable man. His brothers, however, were delighted with the pretty girl whose only flaw appeared to be the occasional raw sounds that rattled in her throat. And how bad could that be? Their own women had enough to say as it was. But the reunion was short-lived. In November of that year, all of the brothers were killed in an automobile accident.

Life continued as before, the angonies of adolescence compounded by soundlessness, a relentless fear of never belonging, and the furtive strokes of her foster father's hand under the dinner table. Bright lights flickered on occasion. Honey was crowned homecoming queen, and a boy, a year ahead of her in school, was gentler than the others when he touched her.

Honey was eighteen when she married him. He had graduated, she had not. But she wanted new possibilities, which was all he ever really offered since she didn't love him—just hoped she would. As a husband, he was irresponsible, content to loll idly in the house bought with his wife's money, and temperamental enough to fire his revolver at her when her resentment flared. As a father, he was apathetic and uninterested. "I wanted to leave him many times. But I had the kids. And I know what it's like with no parents." So she stayed as if they were a family, working twelve hours a day in the textile mill, papering her walls, sewing her clothes, and harvesting her tomatoes.

He ran after other women, so she took off for the mountains, according to her own version of an eye for an eye, with a coworker, who was, in fact, her first genuine infatuation. Honey was then twenty-four. But the warmth and the affection that she felt when he put his tongue to

her cunt, the first man to ever do that for her, wasn't compensation enough for the flagrant hostility at home and a bizarre onslaught of anonymous phone calls threatening more rapes and molestation. Hysterical, sleepless with fear, she gobbled a bottle of pills and was only rescued by the clear-headedness and quick responses of her own son. For the remainder of her marriage, she torpedoed through a series of three nervous breakdowns until the ground finally settled under her feet again and a sympathetic doctor encouraged her to leave her husband.

The aridness of her middle twenties was offset by an operation that restored her hearing and a bittersweet reunion with her mother in Florida. The woman was ecstatic at the sight of her mature, well-mended daughter, profoundly relieved that she loved her, but totally unchanged. After one week she was cranky. Her grandchildren annoyed her, imposed themselves, hungry or in need of a bath, on her egocentric solitude. One evening she hit Honey's daughter unmercifully. Honey screamed, and her mother promptly threw her and her children out of the house.

Barely able to master her own feelings day to day, Honey left her children with her foster mother in North Carolina, abandoned the contaminated air of the mills, and drove towards Florida in search of work. Despite her bleak reality, the viper of misfortune that seemed to pursue her, Honey maintained a playfulness, a confidence in her femininity, if in nothing else. When a state trooper stopped her for fleeing at 90 miles an hour, she simply raised her skirt and wriggled her panties down to her knees. The cop stayed long enough to devour the sight and departed with the blank ticket crumpled in his hand.

For a brief interlude, Honey shoveled asphalt and drove a truck for the Florida highway commission. But, unencumbered by husband or children, she gave in to her childhood fantasies of being a showgirl. With a little encouragement from a friend, Honey donned a g-string and danced.

Something instinctive, almost extrasensory, told Honey to keep dancing, to

trundle north with her scanty costumes and let her dismal past die quietly in the south. She even dreamed about a drummer, a supportive, kindred spirit, who was waiting for her there. So she hitched a ride to New York, which, because of her rashness and her hopeless naivete, landed her without suitcase or cash in the gloominess of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. But by dancing, with the go-go girl's aura of self-possession, which she only felt when she was half-dressed and when men's eyes were fixed on her breasts bobbing freely, she made her way to the Catskill night spots. She survived the exploitation of the men who employed her and discovered with the same dogged will that she could chuck her tiny g-string without embarrassment if she had to.

Since that time, Honey has been a stripper. She has even done a strip sequence in a film, *The Devil and a Woman*. Her world revolves around her one unflagging resource, her seductivity. She has made ten loops for the porn houses. Her exhibitionism brings her moments, however fleeting, of the attention and approval she has always been looking for. But what enables her to writhe naked in the spotlight has never protected her from harm. The invincibility she projects on stage belies her vulnerability to the world outside. She was raped in her home in Queens several years ago. Two men blackened her eyes and rammed their cocks between her constricted thighs after following her home from work one night. Somehow, she seemed to court ugliness. Nothing in her life had ever taught her how to avoid it. In desperation she called a lanky, pleasant-faced man she had met while he was doing a gig as drummer in a Queens motel. The man was Lord Duncan. She liked his blue-gray eyes and the way he laughed good-naturedly when she said she was from "Icaly" to explain away her speech defect. "Where is Icaly?" "Icaly. You know—pizza." "Oh, Italy." "Yeah, Icaly." He smiled, bought her a drink anyway, and left his number.

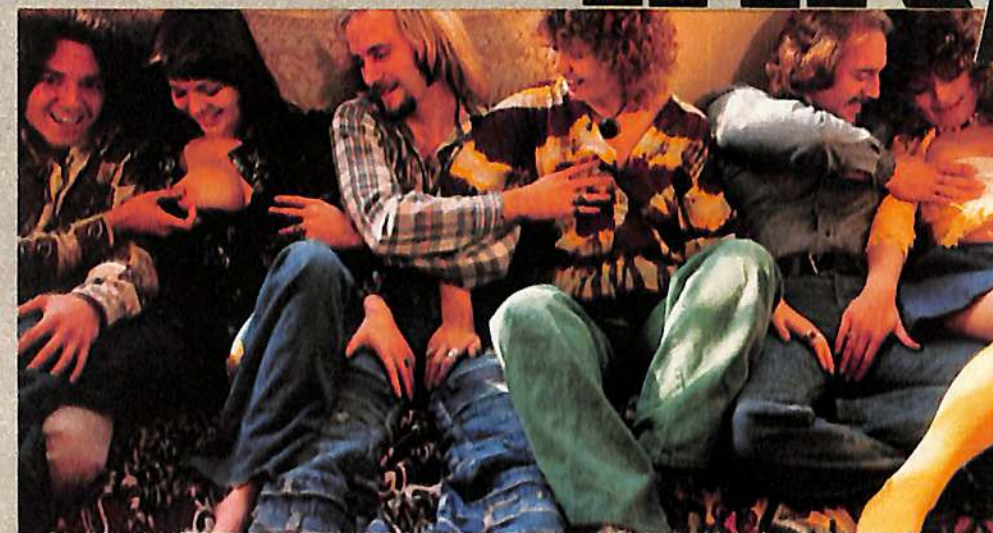
The pretty ladies are everywhere. They walk side to side as much as forward, and they forget a certain button or knot their blouses

(Continued on page 113)



At home with
the Star Family, America's
first porn commune

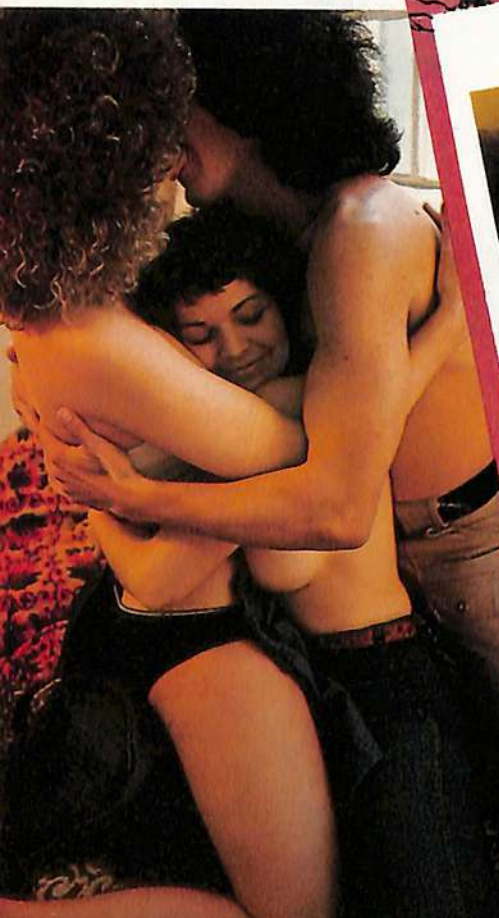
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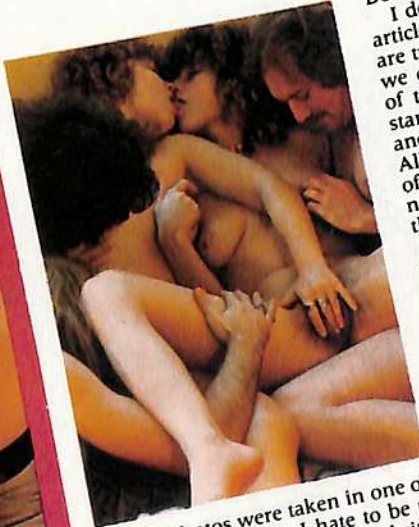
cum, and the most important
journalistic breakthrough
since cold type.



Revolution!



ABOUT THIS SHOOTING



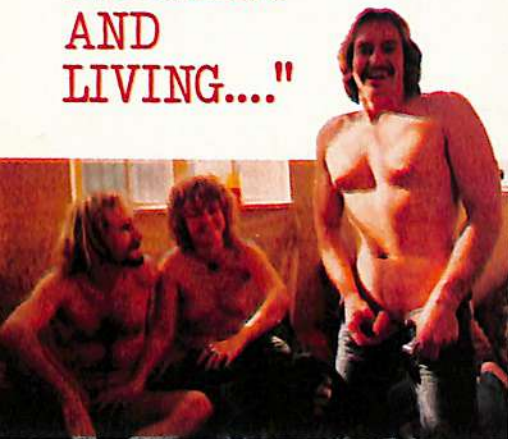
The photos were taken in one of the rooms of our business office that I use when I shoot. I don't like to pose models in a sexual situation, either. I just tell them to make love to each other and they just go around them. I want to make it look natural. These people are all friends and lovers and they just went ahead and did what they often do with each other. The windows were all open for light, and toward the end of the shooting somebody noticed that there was a large number of people hanging out of windows in the bank building across the way from us. We waved at them. A little later a messenger from there came up to our office and bought a note from one of their executives that said, "What the fuck is going on over there, anyway?" We were tempted to reply, "That's exactly what's going on!" But the messenger split before we could write it. So we hung a sign out that said, "We're having a ball." They'll probably talk about it for months.

—RIC DANTE

Copyright 1975



"THE STAR
IS WHAT
REAL PEOPLE
LOOK LIKE,
FUCKING AND
SUCKING AND
LAUGHING
AND
LIVING...."



Photographs by RIC DANTE

By DIANA CLAPTON

Southern California is definitely the love cult center of the universe. The flat-out worship of the human body, from the film factories of Hollywood to the fuck-fantasy temples of whatever nutball prophet can gather the most devoted acolytes, has always enchanted the American imagination to the boiling point. Religious rites have traditionally had loads of raw sexual energy and orgies anyway, which makes it all historically okay.

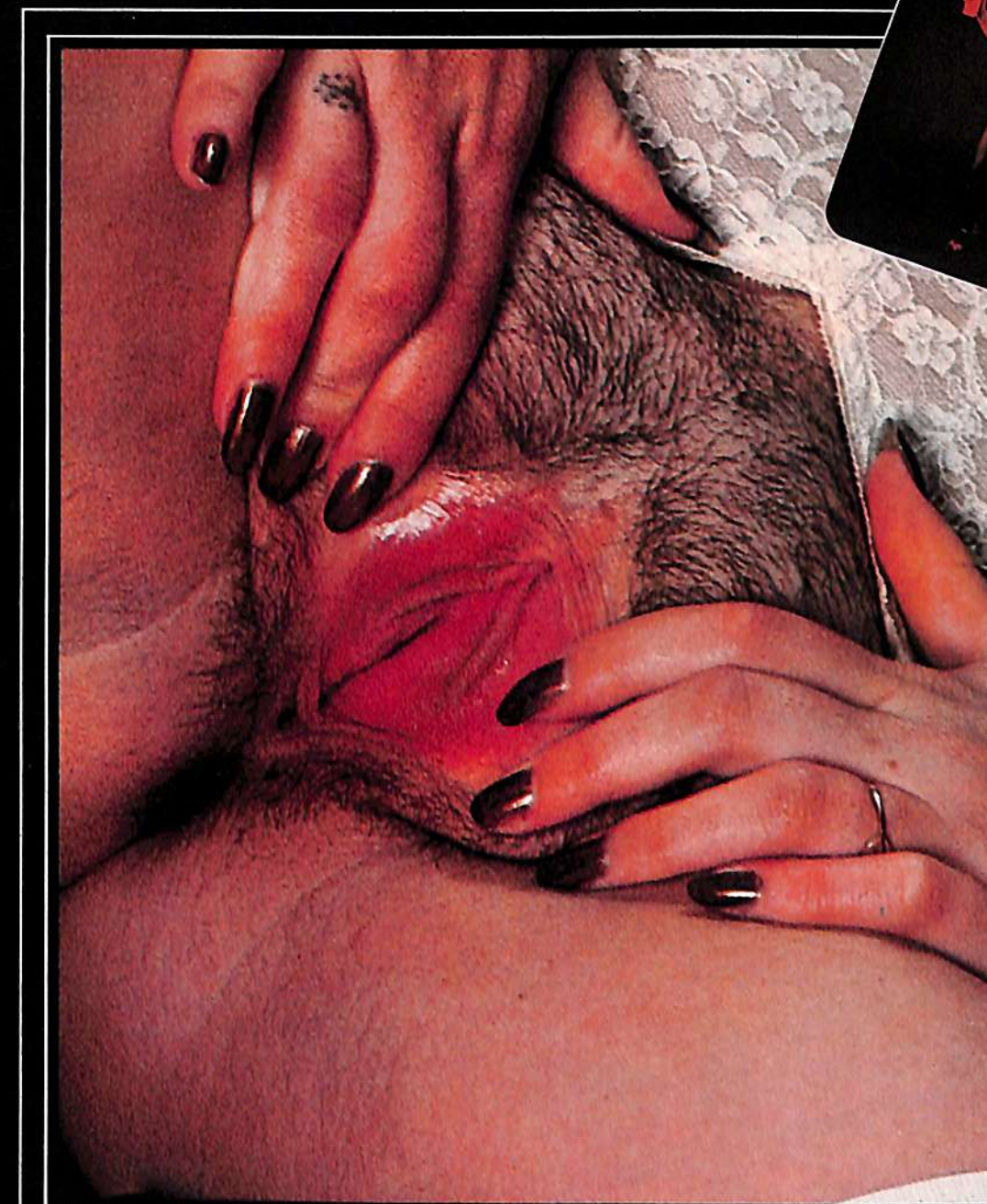
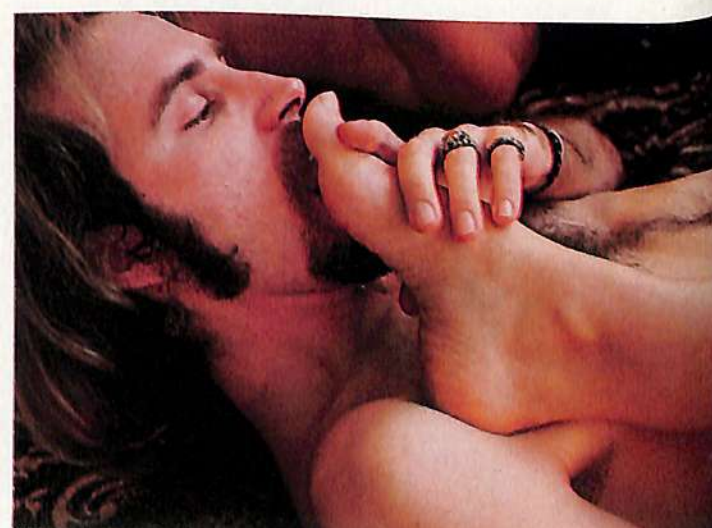
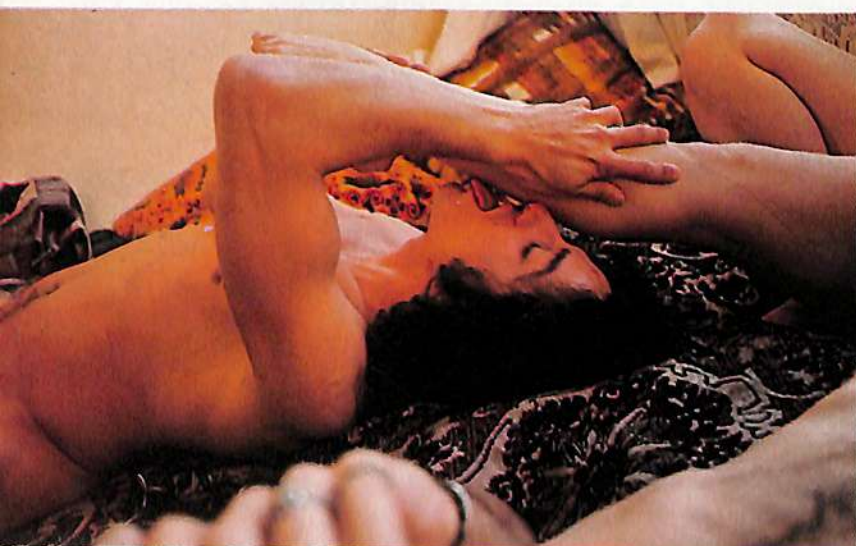
All this by way of introduction to *LA Star*, a magnificently downhome celebration of this hassled erotic impulse. It currently reigns in Southern California and you should read it whenever it comes out. Unlike its more constipated and relentlessly revolutionary (*Screw your brains out—or else!*) Eastern counterparts, the *Star* is free from posed



THE STAR EDITORS
PROMISE,
"WE WON'T PRINT
ANYTHING
WE WOULDN'T DO
OURSELVES..."

porn photos of desperate junkie chicks contorted into grotesque fuck scenes by the photographers who went into the profession to get laid. The paper is the ballsy brainchild of one Paul Eberle, his wife Shirley and his hunky friend Mickey Leblovic, all of whom used to work for the *LA Free Press* when it really was a classy rig. Eberle is a sexual revolutionary of appealing dimensions who was convinced about five years ago that what the world needed now was a wide-open sex paper that encouraged people to "get rid of their guilt and start balling and having

fun and smoking dope and rediscovering themselves." He found himself surrounded by sexually sympathetic chums, artists and writers and other latently exhibitionistic beasts, all of whom tore off their clothes and pitched in, con brio. He has continued to run the paper with the same sweet folks you see in the centerfold photos, and they've all gone right on writing and drawing with unselfconscious delight and endearing details on their rampaging sex lies with each other.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD

DEEP FIST

PORNO STAR ANNIE SPRINKLE
TAKES A CRACK AT SEXDOMS NEWEST
WRINKLE - AND FINDS THAT SOME
PEOPLE ARE STRETCHING
THINGS A BIT TOO FAR



"IF MY BOX WAS AS BIG AS MY BOOBS, MAYBE IT WOULD



WORK.... BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO IT LIKE GAYS CAN...."



PETER: As it so happens, I've been drooling over your last eight or nine skin flicks on Times Square. You're getting to be quite a celebrity here, you know. . . .

ANNIE: Yeah. . . . wow. . . .

PETER: What's the hardest and most disgusting thing you've had to do in one of these films?

ANNIE: Umm . . . it's just that a lot of the positions are uncomfortable. And they're very complicated. Like this one scene I had in this dirty basement in a broken down rowboat, where I was freezing cold *plus* I had to row the boat *plus* go up and down on the guy *plus* remember dialogue. It's . . . an impossible combination, y'know?

PETER: How many of these flicks would you say you've made?

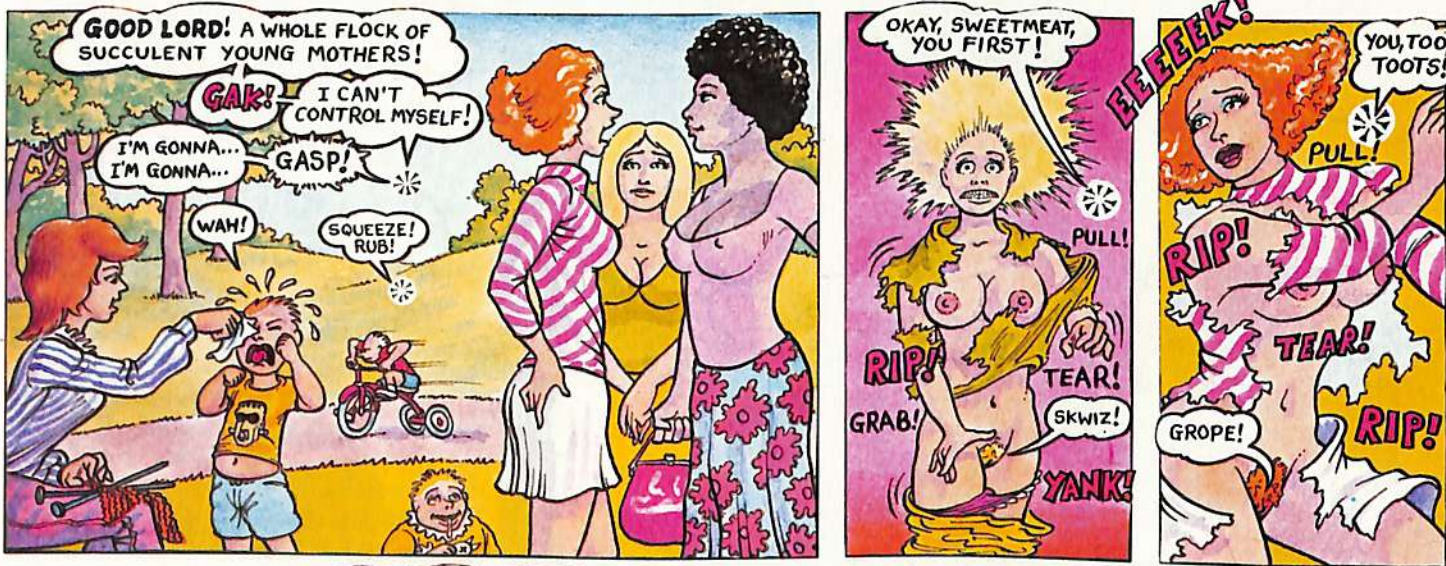
ANNIE: Oh . . . about forty, in the last eight months.

PETER: Are you kidding?

ANNIE: When I hit town, I could count on at least two a week. I like to do things in a rush.

VINNY SHINBLIND

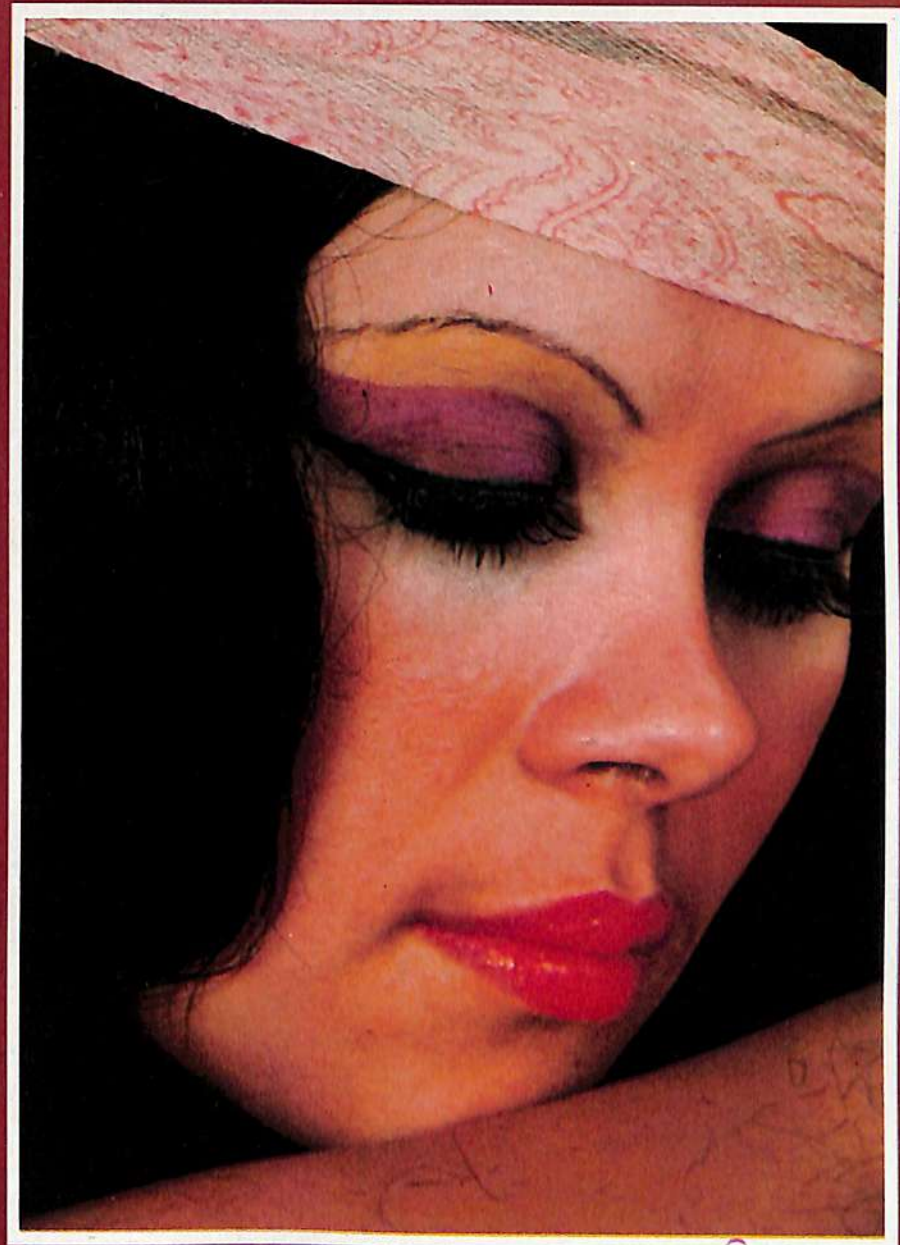
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
IN
HELLO, YOUNG MOTHERS ©1976



He shoulda knowed better, especially after she told him her name was Delilah DeLucci, that she came from a long line of barbers and ... uh ... hitmen, that she, well, dug his smile. There was something about the glint in her eye that matched the sheen on her trusty straight-edge razor. And when she smiled it was a cross between the way Lucrezia Borgia musta looked after preparing one of her pepperoni-and-poison pizzas and a rutting Sophia Loren.

But he wanted a smart-looking brush cut. Wanted it bad. Went out of his way to this out-of-the-way joint which reminded him eversomuch of Volumetrics, that fabled temple of tor-sorial splendor where, it is said, maidens flock to have their pubes shorn. He wanted that "I'm-an-account-exco-so-suck-my-cock" look. And Delilah, devil Delilah!, was the one to do it to him.

Delilah DeLucci! O what myths those garlic-drenched syllables must con-jure. By visage, the demure, compliant slave to shears, bound by custom to do The



Man's bidding, to serve as receptacle to his gushing confes-sions, nail parings, and split ends. The long-suffering, ser-vile, obeisant D. DeLucci, sometime-shrink, sometime-coach, sometime-goddess.

He plops into the chair, grumbles about His Day, The Boss, His Back, grimaces. She coos, soothes, speculates about Catfish Hunter, touts the third at Monmouth.

He whooshes air, relaxes, probes last night's Cannon, at-tacks Moynihan, lam-poons his Office Manager. She roars, lays a soft hand upside his brow, snips a lock, steams a towel.

"Why don't you take off your clothes and stay awhile," she burbles, "I'll treat you to Delilah's Deluxe and Delect-able shave."

He relents, doffs his duds, sheds nerve-jangling memories of Mortgage, Mother-in-Law, and back-stabbing roadmen. Under the maternal press of the facial pack and the incessant kneading

IF A MAN CAN'T TRUST HIS BARBER, WE'RE ALL IN TROUBLE!

THE CASE OF THE KOJACKED COCK



Photographed at Volumetrics Barbering, 56 Irving Place, New York City.



**"Just lean back,"
she told him,
softly.
"You know I
know exactly
how you like
it cut...."**

of Delilah's nimble digits, he passes off to Slumberbland.

And while he dreams, the devilish Delilah schemes. A youth passed in servitude to pampered, high-tipping men, a life as Urban Geisha, scraping and shuffling, massaging and suckling, agreeing and praising, grinning and winking, selling and giving. All rising inside her like some immunizing venom. She lifts the long bib and stares at his cock.

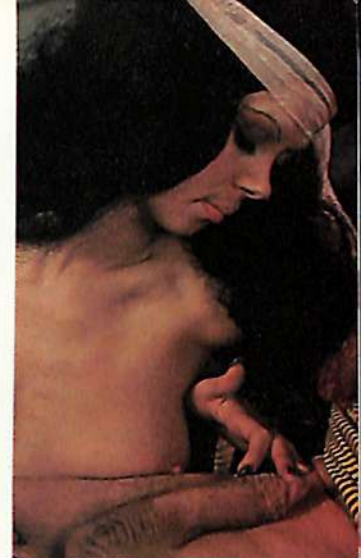
Penisschneid: Phallic envy translated into the dazzling rape they call castration. Delilah wonders at the languid wanger, limp with its daily hassles, nested securely in its wild and weaning bush. To shear it in the image of a Yul or Telly, that's the ticket! To slice oh-so-close to its seat of potency, that's the ticket! To nude it, so it looms alone and proud on the loin of destiny—there's your answer!

And so, while Mr. Mod snores on, the delicate Del plots new avenges on a past of peddling pleasures and pruning orders-giving peacocks. She laves the luscious lance twixt thumb and lotion, menthol biting sharp into the groin. She bares the brazen blade—and in one motion, scrapes thirty years of fur from off its throne!

Our Lord awakes—brought to by icy feel of gleaming steel! He flails in protest, curses,



She taught him one sadly vicious lesson, never trust a woman with anything sharper than a shaving brush.



threatens gore. Delilah merely cocks and aims the straight-edge and settles down to swiftly shearing more!

The peril now seems past—for lust has woken. Delilah, in her handiwork, enthralled, finds so endearing all the fears unspoken, it's almost as if she herself were bald!

Hypnotically, she presses on his plunger, a depilated dowel, thick and smooth. And studying in brazenness with wonder, she lets it know the solace of her tooth! No longer threatened by the near of bloodshed, sensing the surrender in her war, Our Hero counts his blessings by the hundred, and sinks into the warmth of her jaw!

The call was close, it came within a hair's-breath, of turning all the tables we've been told. And when a dude like Hero boldly dares death, the victor's cup must sure be made of gold!



4 NEW SEX INVENTIONS

- ① **GET IT HARD...**
even when it hasn't been for ages!
- ② **KEEP IT HARD...**
yes, even after climax and beyond!
- ③ **MAKE IT LONGER...**
so she can really feel it!
- ④ **STOP CUMMING TOO FAST...**
thrill her with Super-Stud control!

MODERN SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE! If you thought your sex life was over for good—take heart! If you feel your sex powers are beginning to fizzle—here's help! If you want to give her (and you) MAXIMUM SEX PLEASURE from a big, stiff, long-lasting hard-on that you control at will, your prayers are answered! These modern SEX INVENTIONS are not gimmicks or toys. Each was designed to solve once and for all time for most men those specific problems which ruin joyful sex. Best of all, these SEX INVENTIONS can be used together all at once—or in any combination depending upon individual need—to give you truly fantastic sexual prowess!

NO WORTHLESS PILLS! NO DANGEROUS HORMONES!

1. the ERECTOR SET

This invention when used as instructed creates sensations that are so powerfully erotic they virtually tease a limp or non-responsive organ into a hard, throbbing erection! Dynamic TWO-WAY stimulation of the most sensitive penis pleasure nerves sends messages to the brain that can actually COMMAND A HARD-ON UPON DEMAND!

GETS IT HARD WHEN YOU WANT IT HARD!

CAUTION: So overwhelming to most men is the stimulation from THE ERECTOR SET that powerful climax can occur rapidly and suddenly. Remove penis from THE ERECTOR SET as soon as erection is achieved if you wish to perform coitus.

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You should know that failure to obtain erection has many causes—but if you are in normal health THE ERECTOR SET can give you a new lease on a fulfilling sex life.

2. the STAY-HARD GUARDIAN KEEPS IT HARD THRU CLIMAX & BEYOND!

If you want to keep your erection hard and stiff—if you would like your erection to be longer and thicker, this new sex invention is for you. THE STAY-HARD GUARDIAN does not cover any sensitive, pleasure-producing area of the penis. In fact, she probably won't even know you're wearing it! Yet this scientifically designed invention will give you astonishing hardness once erection is achieved—and let you keep it hard, up to climax and beyond. In addition, users report there is actually added length—and thickness. THE STAY-HARD GUARDIAN is manufactured of quality medical material to last a long time—and let you and your partner enjoy hours and hours of mutual pleasure without disappointing and frustrating limp let-down.

\$15

4. the CLIMAX CONTROL KIT ACHIEVES THE STAYING POWER OF A SUPER-STUD!

Cum too fast? Leave her unsatisfied time after time? THE CLIMAX CONTROL KIT is designed to give you the immediate staying power and the long lasting sexual ability of a super-stud! In your kit you'll receive a vital sex invention that effectively slows but does not eliminate the sensations that make you cum! Right away you enjoy sex more because now YOU ARE IN CHARGE! You are powerfully long-lasting, thrilling her as never before, even achieving MUTUAL CLIMAXES seldom attained except by the most talented and experienced partners. Make sex a LASTING pleasure—BE IN COMMAND with the new CLIMAX CONTROL KIT!

\$15

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AND SAVE!

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STAY-HARD GUARDIAN
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FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A TWO-PART ILLUSTRATED NOVELETTE

MISS VICKIE

VS.
THE
MACHO
MAN



**SPECIAL
cheri
BIRTHDAY
FEATURE**



Photographs by Peter Hurd

cheri



"She had left the slave chained to a tree overnight, now she returned with her lover to put the humiliated wretch through his paces. . . ."

By Miss Vikie Lou

Miss Vickie left her newly-acquired slave chained to a tree in the dense woods and began the drive home. She was totally turned on and, even as she drove, began a soft and sensual exploration of her own body.

Once home, she relaxed with a glass of white wine, jumped into the tub, and drifted off into fantasies of her manacled macho, bonded to his lonely tree, freaking out with fear and apprehension.

She rose from the tub and poured herself into her foxiest outfit: a black jumpsuit with gold studs, breathtakingly clingy and cut to the navel in a V.

She decided to check out her favorite disco. It was packed and noisy, dsiconcertingly out of tempo with her thoughts. Several guys hit on her but her mind was elsewhere, focused constantly on the image of the dude in the woods, shivery with cold and quaking with humiliation.

"Vickie, Vickie baby. How are you, chick?" A voice brusquely intruded into her consciousness.





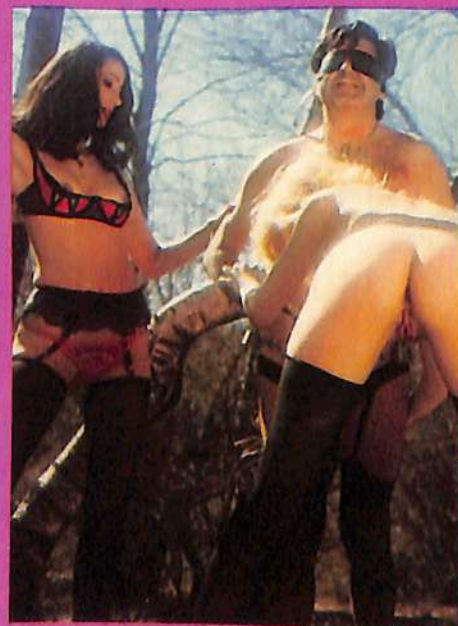
It was Lisa, one of her best girlfriends, a lover of long-standing.

"Hi Lisa. . . Got a date?" Vickie responded.

"Naw, my head's just not here, know what I mean? Sure, there's a lot of nice-looking dudes out there but, well, sometimes you're there and sometimes you're not, dig?"

"I know what you mean," Vickie whispered. "I was going out with Louie tonight but I've got other things on my mind, too."

"I can tell by the funny look on your face, the far-awayness in your eyes. Are you blown away?" (Continued on page 102)



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I certify that I am 21 years of age or older and fully understand that the merchandise I am ordering may be considered sexually oriented.

Signature

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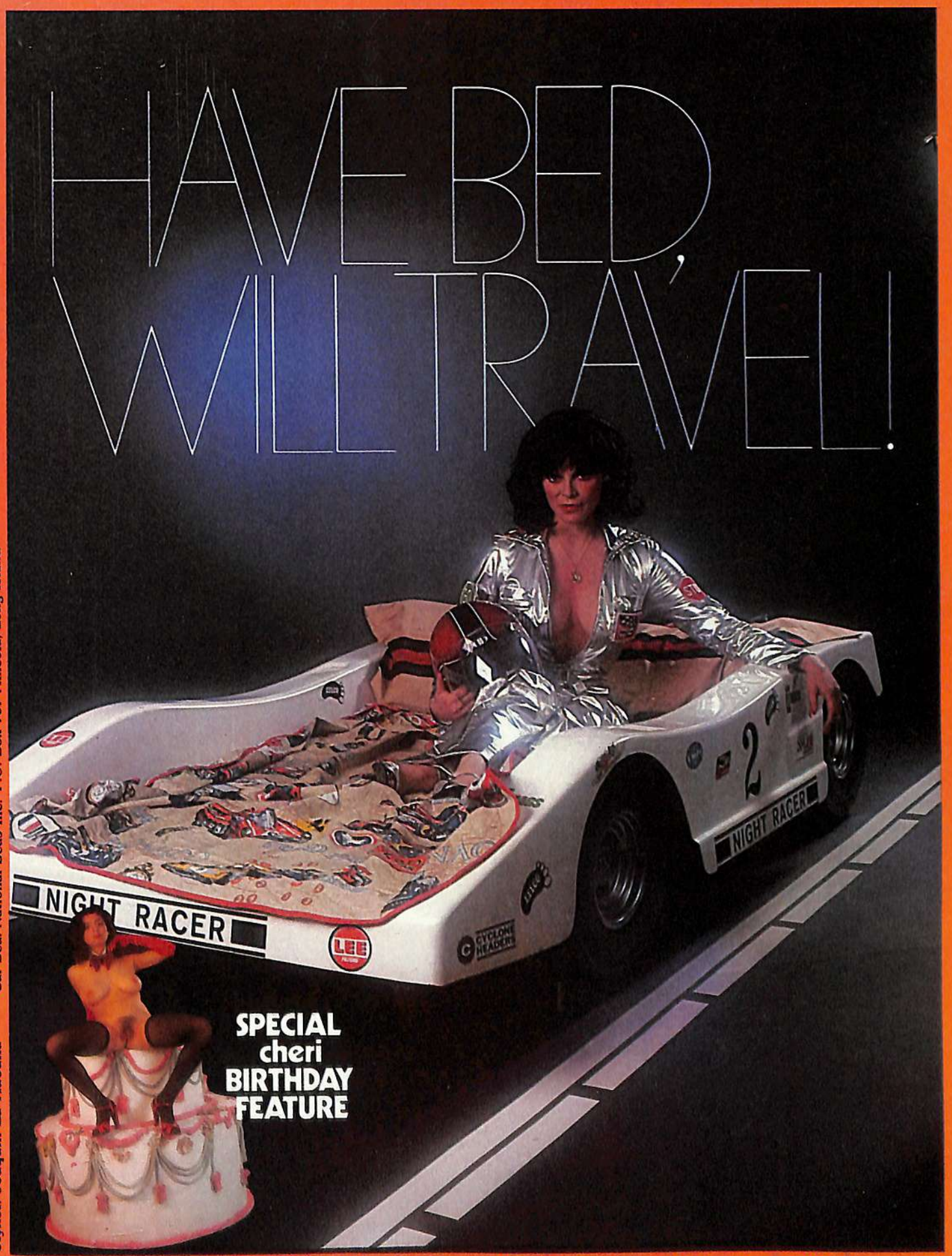
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Zip

cheri

Car Bed: National Beds Inc. P.O. Box 767 Mineola, Long Island

Stylist: Joaquin La Habana



Fanne Foxe sneaks a preview of her future frolics through great American cities.



LOS ANGELES

Graumann's Chinese. Oscar. Rona Barrett. Hollywood & Vine. Schwabs. Rams. Coppertone. Zsa Zsa. Tinsel Town. Golf. Facelifts. Booze & Ludes. Dodgers. Freeways. Smog. UCLA. Maureen Murphy.

Fanne pleads for her big break but ends up with only a wienie in her bikini.

Hammock: Swing Lo, 1181 2nd. Avenue, NYC





NEW ORLEANS

Mardi Gras. Satchmo. Bourbon Street. The French Quarter. Clams on the half. Pralines. Pete Maravich. Jazz. Jim Garrison. Bordello babies. Coffin-carrying street festivals. Creole. Street cars. The Times-Picayune.

For Fat Tuesday, Fanne assumes Southern belledom, complete with her own personal boy-servant

Brass bed: A Parable's Tail, 172 9th Avenue, NYC



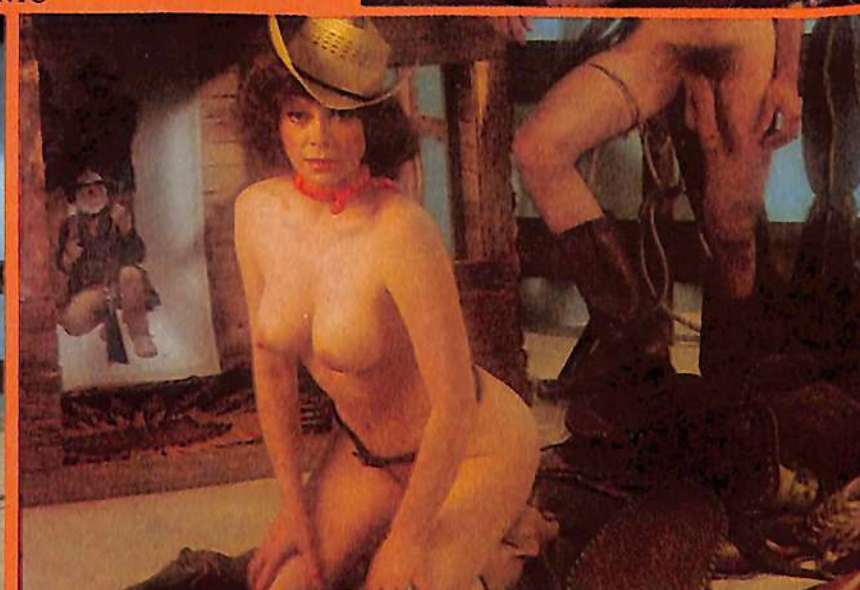
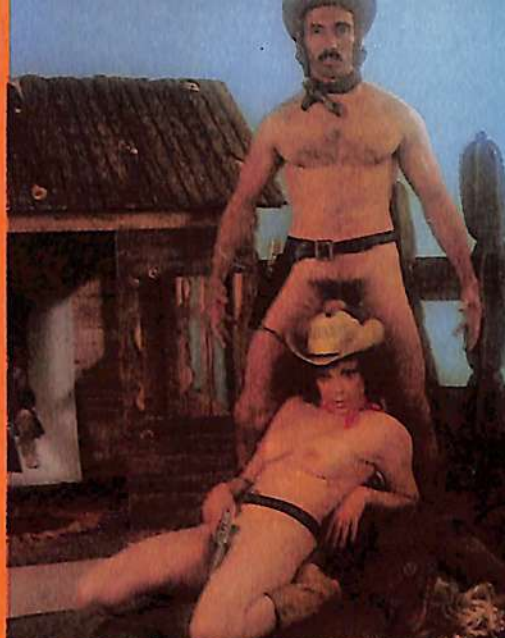


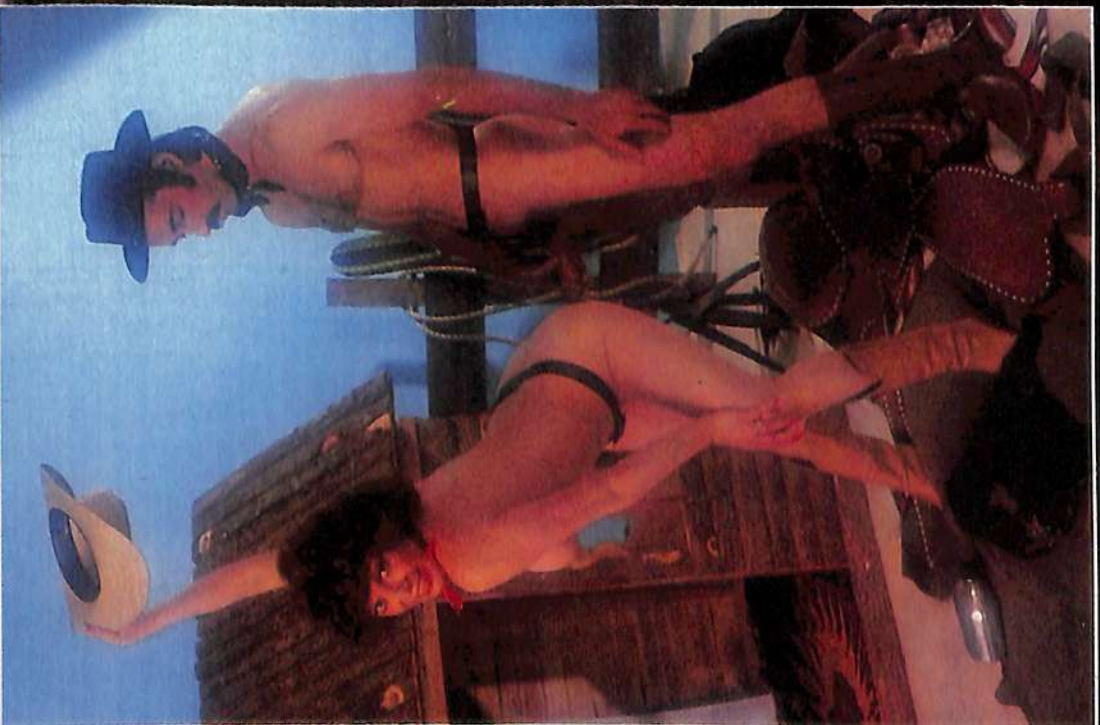
HOUSTON

Judge Roy Beane & The Dome. NASA.
Ten Gallon Hats. Black Gold . . . Texas
Tea. Panhandle. Longhorns. Astrodome.
Tacos. Steak. Wetbacks. Mucho Dinero.
Oilers. Amarillo and Armadillos.

*Cowgirl Fanne investigates the
rumor that things grow bigger
in the Lone Star state.*

Bed roll and saddle: Kaufman's, 139 East
24th Street, NYC







NEW YORK

Times Square. Fifth Avenue. Broadway Joe. Midnight Cowboy. Knishes. Nathans. Foot-Long Wieners. Coney Island. Loose Joints. Preeeety Ma-Ma. Peep Shows. Meat Rack. The Tombs. Central Park. The Mets. Soho. The Village. The Crisco Discos. The Big Apple.

Fanne finds 42nd St. is not at all like her homeland... it's better!

Snake bed: Furniture Gallery, 362 3rd. Avenue, NYC



"Please, Miss Clitshaw, I said hold my calls for a moment."



SEPTEMBER,
1976

EXCLUSIVE:
LIZ RAY
NUDE



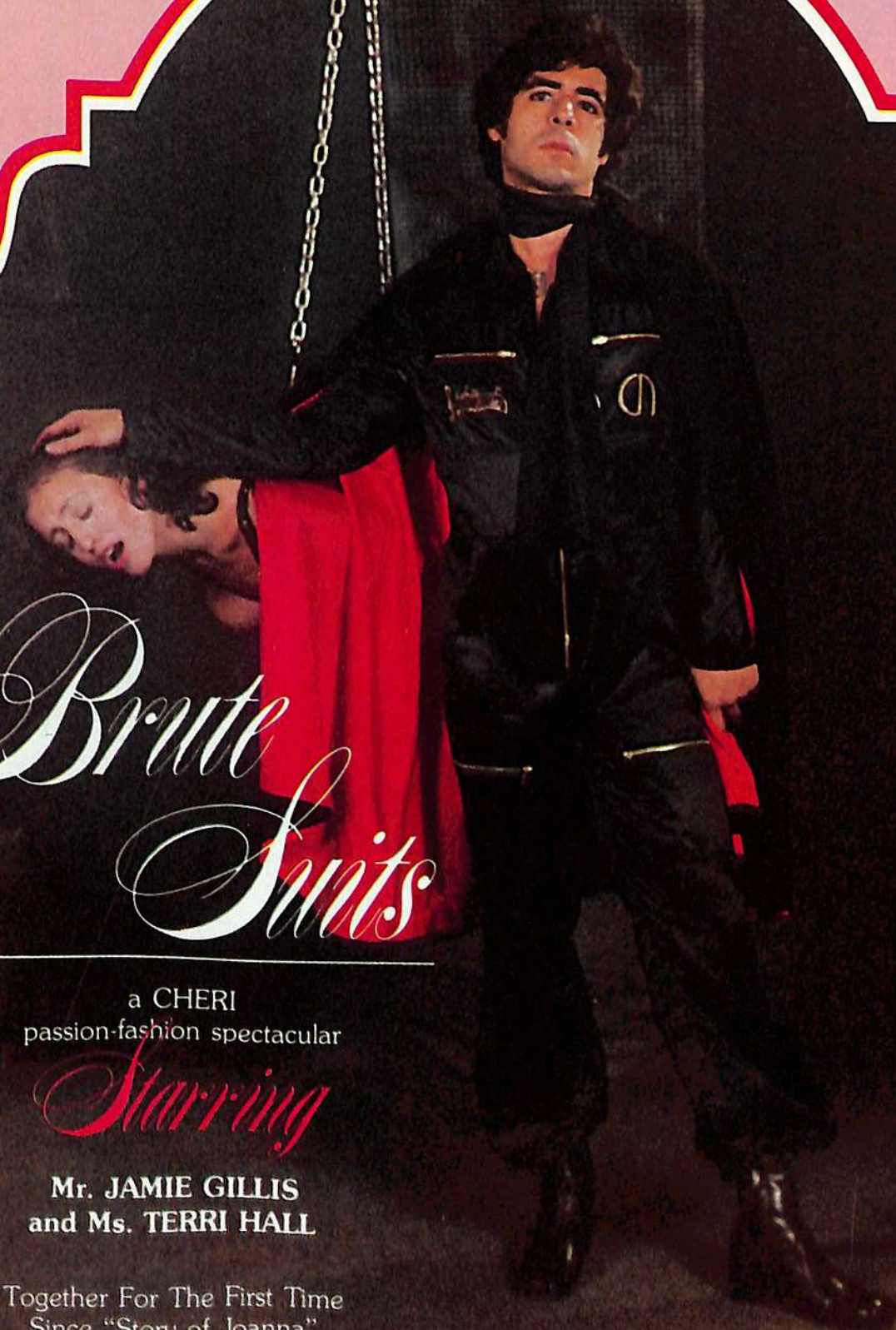
Brute Suits

a CHERI
passion-fashion spectacular

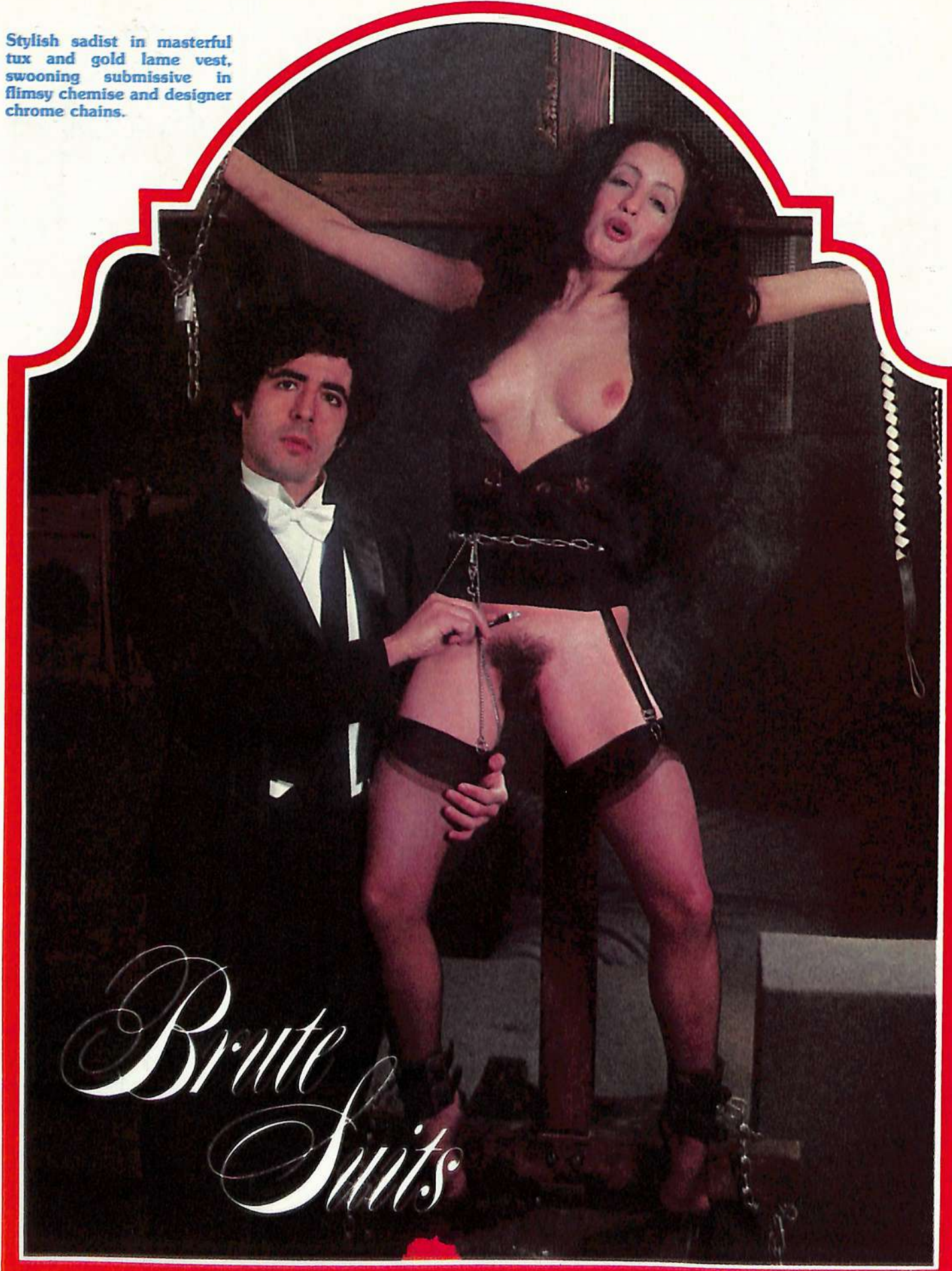
Starring

Mr. JAMIE GILLIS
and Ms. TERRI HALL

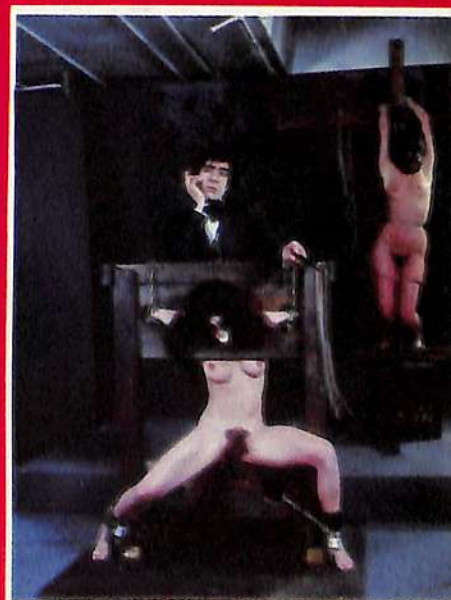
Together For The First Time
Since "Story of Joanna"



Stylish sadist in masterful tux and gold lame vest, swooning submissive in flimsy chemise and designer chrome chains.

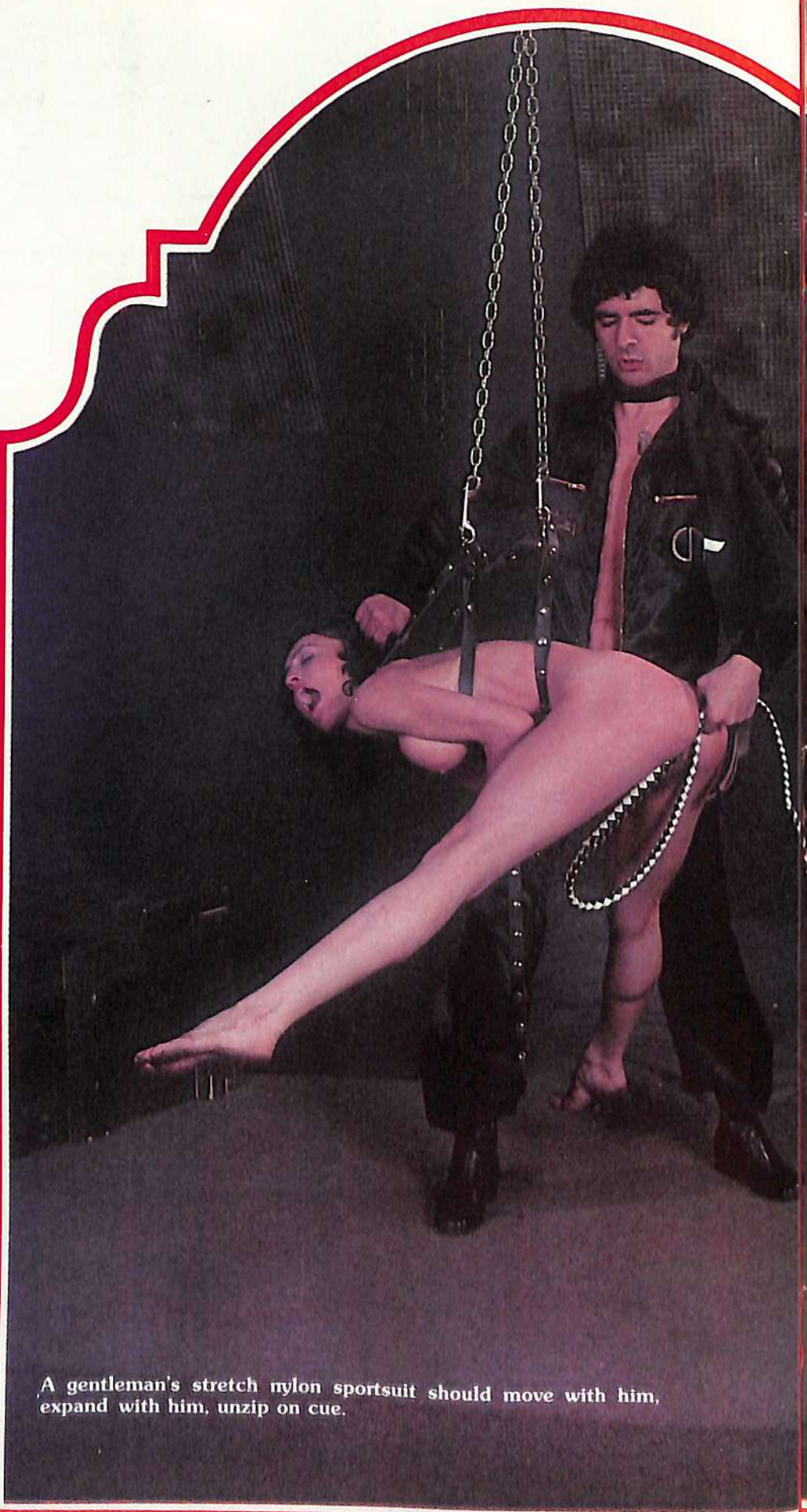


Brute Suits



MAN AS CHESTERFIELD. WOMAN AS ASHTRAY. A PAINFUL PASSION PLAY.

Brute Suits



A gentleman's stretch nylon sportsuit should move with him, expand with him, unzip on cue.

THE SUSPENSE IS
KILLING
HER.
SHE EATS
HER HEART
OUT.



9TH
-MONTH
NOOKIE

AMERICA

cheri



WE QUIT

Because of recent court decisions, we're throwing in the towel... closing out ALL our inventory. Our bulging warehouse is loaded with \$1,250,000.00 worth of sexually oriented merchandise which we are offering at 85% to 90% off the list price. There are no gimmicks, no catches, no tricks. This merchandise consists of items we bought for future mailings. It's all NEW, 1st QUALITY and UP-TO-DATE, and it must be disposed of immediately, because we are closing this company forever! Here's your chance to get sexually oriented books, magazines, films, novelties, electric gadgets, etc., at below wholesale prices.

SUPERSTARS OF PORN IN BIG SCREEN FILMS

OFFER A

Sensational porno films like DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES cost \$5 and up just to see once! Now, for less than a single theater admission you can own a full-length film with the same superstar performing every imaginable sex act for your private enjoyment. Not one, but eight films so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

We had to change the titles, but the first time you see these films you will understand why. You won't continue to pay \$5 or more for a single movie ticket when you can own a film for the same price and watch a top hardcore porno star perform sexually at your command... as many times and as often as you like!

NO. 1 TALENTED TONGUE

If you have seen DEEP THROAT you'll recognize this star instantly. Watch her now, nude and more passionate than ever, perform for you privately, doing things with men that have made her the queen of hardcore. If one of her acts turns you on... stop the action and play it again. You can't do that when you watch in the theater!

NO. 2 BIG RAPE OFF

He gets her into a room and she beats and tears at him as he rips off her panties, pushes her skirt up over her breasts and forces himself between her legs. Do her frantic hip movements change from panic to ecstasy as he presses her? Judge for yourself in this super-realistic film!

NO. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands.

NO. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

He tears off her blouse and bra until, her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-goal. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

NO. 5 CLITS AND DICKS

A new, young model is taught every kind of sex by two virile males and her voluptuous girlfriend. At first she seals her lips tight. Then the other girl shows her how, and in a sexual feast you'll want to replay many times, her eager, moist lips show she has learned her lessons well.

NO. 6 WET, HOT AND HORNY

The wedding night and the groom is nervous. She's waited so long that she casts aside all shame and bares her full, luscious body to him. He is startled, then aroused as she bares his manhood with trembling fingers and offers him her maidenhead.

NO. 7 LEZ LESSON

Threatened with death, the terrified bride is forced to perform on the sex-starved gunwoman. But the wife becomes aroused and the gun is thrown aside as a close-up sequence shows how lovers parting silky female hair send the two women into writhing ecstasies of lesbian love.

NO. 8 DR. BLACK JACK

The sex-driven, mentally disturbed girl has masturbation problems that the Richard Roundtree type psychiatrist tries to solve. She uses her hot lust to break his professional calm. The doctor-patient love scenes top anything yet filmed!

Remember, these are not the usual cheapie, badly lit, poorly shot films that are often sold for \$25 or more! These are full feature 8mm films made directly from the 16mm theater-class motion picture film and are made available to you for only \$4.99 each. But you must act now!

OFFER B

Would you give us \$5.74 for \$60 to \$100 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise? Of course you would! That's right, since everything must go fast, we'll load an extra large box to its bursting point and guarantee sexually oriented merchandise valued to \$100... first come, first served! Orders will consist of photo books, novels, case histories, oral copulators, unique French ticklers, marital aids, photos, magazines, vibrators, vaginas, penis extensile, etc. Since this is a true grab bag, not every box will be the same—but you'll sure get the value. All for only \$5.74.

OFFER C

Books... all the books you want to read... very adult... very sexy... very spicy! They're all here in this unbelievable grab-bag offer that contains everything from fiction to sex education and explicit case histories. A fabulous buy at a fraction of the original cost. You'll get at least 20 different books... All for only \$12.00.

OFFER D

Same as Offer B... except the box will be gigantic, and we guarantee \$120 to \$200 worth of sexually oriented adult merchandise PLUS an extra surprise bonus absolutely FREE... All for only \$10.88.

We don't want anyone left out of our RARE film offer, so if you don't own a PROJECTOR...

We have contracted with a well-known manufacturer to offer you this \$24.05 200-ft. viewer at our wholesale cost of only \$15... IF you purchase at least one reel of film. And despite the low cost, we will offer you a 90-day unconditional guarantee on this precision machine that features an adjustable focus eye piece, nearly automatic 15-second threading, and a large, bright image. Added bonus: You can also use it on super-8mm film!



EXTRA BIG SAVINGS

Save even more money... buy all 8 films plus 3 grab bags — a total of \$68.27 — for only \$50.00.

MONEY BACK PROTECTION

Because there are no other films that could compare with these, we WILL NOT make substitutions, we WILL NOT issue credits. If your order arrives too late to be filled, we will simply refund your money!

SPECIAL RUSH ORDER FORM

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OFFER A

Talented Tongue.....\$4.99
Big Rape Off.....\$4.99
Lez Be Friends.....\$4.99
The Devil In Her.....\$4.99
Clits & Dicks.....\$4.99
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OFFER D

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THE BEGINNER'S BASIC BIBLE OF BOOB BONDAGE

Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About The
Restraint And Discipline Of Milady's Mammalia

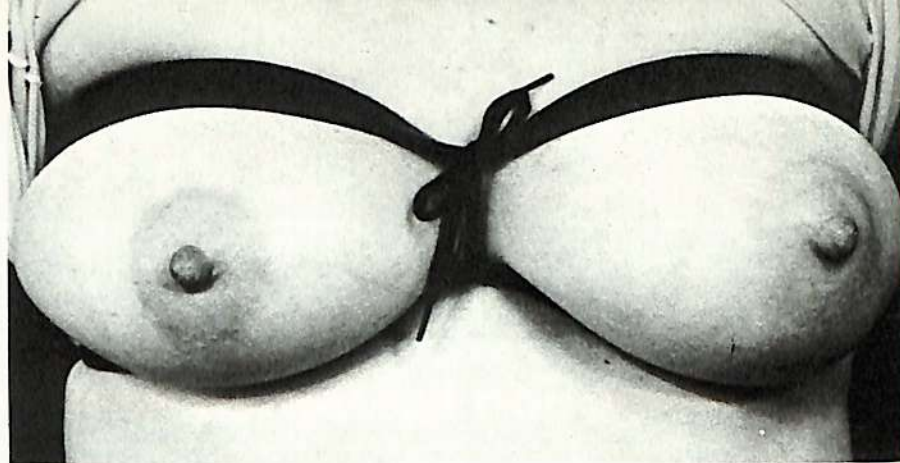
Instruction by James Hartwell

Photographs by James Hartwell • Illustration by Rene Moncada

We are a culture of bosom freaks yet we do little actual sex to our women's breasts. Bondage and discipline can be an effective way to turn spectatorship into participation: it is one of the great underground sex games.

It helps if your partner has some hefty mammary material. My wife is loaded, and my friend's wife isn't particularly skimpy in the chest department either. Consequently, the photos you will see are of large-breasted women. It makes things easier, but it certainly does not preclude those of you who have partners with little or no development from enjoying sex-pain in this area. Even in the flat-chested male, the nipples are available to a master for



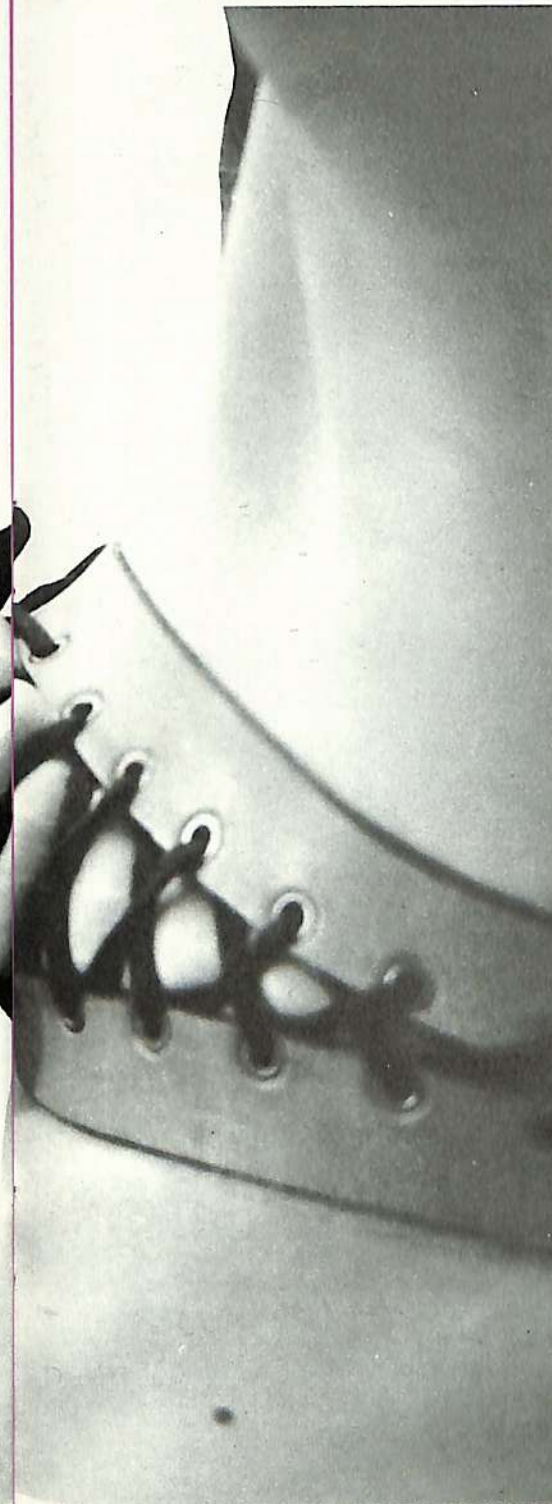
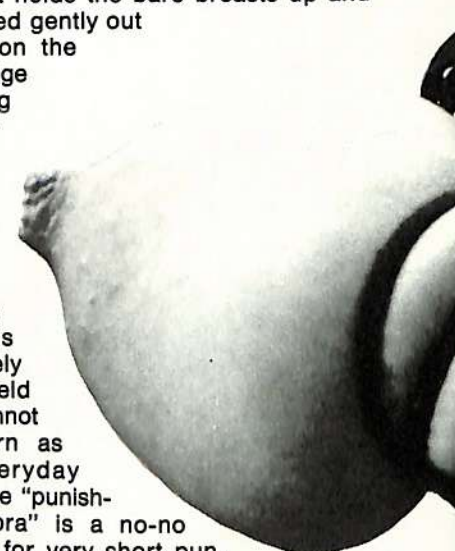


"A novice can make the most stringent of bras out of materials found in his own home. . . ."

whatever your pleasurable tortures he/she sees fit.

In our lives, my wife and I have established a working order level of languages around her breast bondage equipment: "street" bras are simply regular bras with the upper panel cut out to allow the nipples to show; the "flaunt 'em" bra is a remanufactured bra that holds the bare breasts up and squeezed gently out

—it is on the hairy edge of being considered bondage equipment; the "breast strap" is definitely in the field and cannot be worn as an everyday item; the "punishment bra" is a no-no except for very short punishment periods. If this magazine turns you on and your slave off because the breasts look like they are being damaged, I can only point to my wife's figure as an example of what fifteen years of stringent bondage and severe breast punishment will do to a woman. Judge for yourself. She doesn't have cancer, her breasts are full, stand well without support, and show no scars or other marks. If anything, her breasts are larger now than when we first started practicing S/M. (This may be a natural phenomenon having nothing to do with bondage.)





OCTOBER,
1976
WELCOME,
HONEYSUCKLE!



MY BUST

I, Honeysuckle Divine, being of sound mind and weak body, do hereby declare before God and the readers of CHERI that I am innocent of the charge of "open lewdness and criminal conspiracy" brought against me by the Philadelphia Police Department.

I'm sick and tired of going to court to listen to the prosecution accuse me of public masturbation. I think they really don't believe I was masturbating—they'd like to convict me on it because it carries a stiffer penalty than simple obscenity.

My act onstage is a comedy act, before an audience which paid to see it, and not even remotely connected to serious sexual stimula-

BY HONESUCKLE DIVINE

The story which answers the question: "Why would the Puritan Establishment seek to put a nice, refined young lady like Honeysuckle Divine behind bars?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER HURD
PRODUCED BY RICHARD MILNER

tion. The prosecution is trying to put it on a level with the Falcone case—in which a man masturbated on the street in front of little girls! Judge Francis P. Cosgrove found me guilty, with a choice of a \$1,500 fine or 90 days in jail. Judge Lisa Richette of the Superior Court "quashed" the case, stating that she did not consider shooting nuts out of the vagina, or Jergen's Lotion, or blowing out candles with it as masturbation. Men seem to have weird ideas about how women masturbate. Some of them don't know the clitoris exists, or what it's for, or whether it's inside or outside the vagina. A woman judge would know our anatomy much better. But I have men arresting and prosecuting and



"I think God created sex as a joke and some fool took it seriously and called it Sin. . . ."

MY BUST

judging me on a matter about which I feel they have very little knowledge. I've even offered to take a lie detector test to state that I was *not* masturbating onstage.

After Judge Richette dismissed the charges, I went back to performing—and was re-arrested on the same grounds. The prosecution claims that each time I'm onstage I do my act differently. But everyone knows it's always basically the same. I intend to take my case to the Supreme Court, and then, if I lose, I'll ask the President for a pardon. I urge everyone to vote for President Ford in November, because I think he's my best chance of being pardoned.

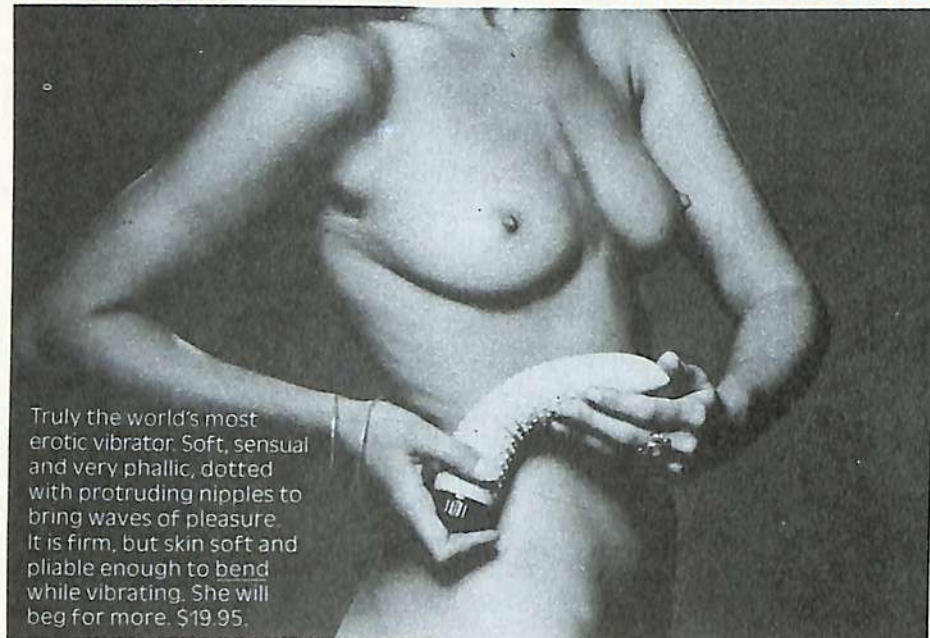
I don't blame the police officers of Philadelphia. Actually, they've been pretty nice to me. The trouble must come from someone in authority below the D.A. in power, as the D.A. refused to prosecute the second arrest. However, at that point the department threatened to appoint a special prosecutor.

MY BUST



PLEASURE BREAKTHROUGH!

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remote control vibrator.
Sure to rectify her. \$8.95



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B. Anal Sleeve @ 8.95 + 75c p&h

C. Vaginal Sleeve @ 8.95 + 75c
D. Electric Anal T @ 8.95 + 75c

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spurious
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Watch for the September issue of **CHERI**, The All True National Sex News Magazine. Better yet send for a subscription today!

GREAT AMERICAN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN SCHREIBER

What means a glory hole?

A glory hole is an orifice drilled into the sides of a toilet stall, a hole with a diameter tailored to the girth of the average cock.

It is the ultimate appurtenance of faceless sex. The Ultimate Quickie.

Glory holes have long been a staple in the gay subculture. Recently, heteros have begun to adopt them as their own.

Always on the lookout for new kicks, **CHERI** recently dispatched a photographer-reporter team to investigate and rate the ten most degenerate Glory Hole locations in the country.

The following is their secret report.



Mens room, TAILWAYS BUS STATION, Witchhunter, Kansas.
A favorite watering spot for local postal inspectors (who gather here to swap copies of *Screw* and tell dirty war stories), this bus terminal features hot-and-cold running farmer's daughters who'll cornhole you with fresh-off-the-stalk corn.

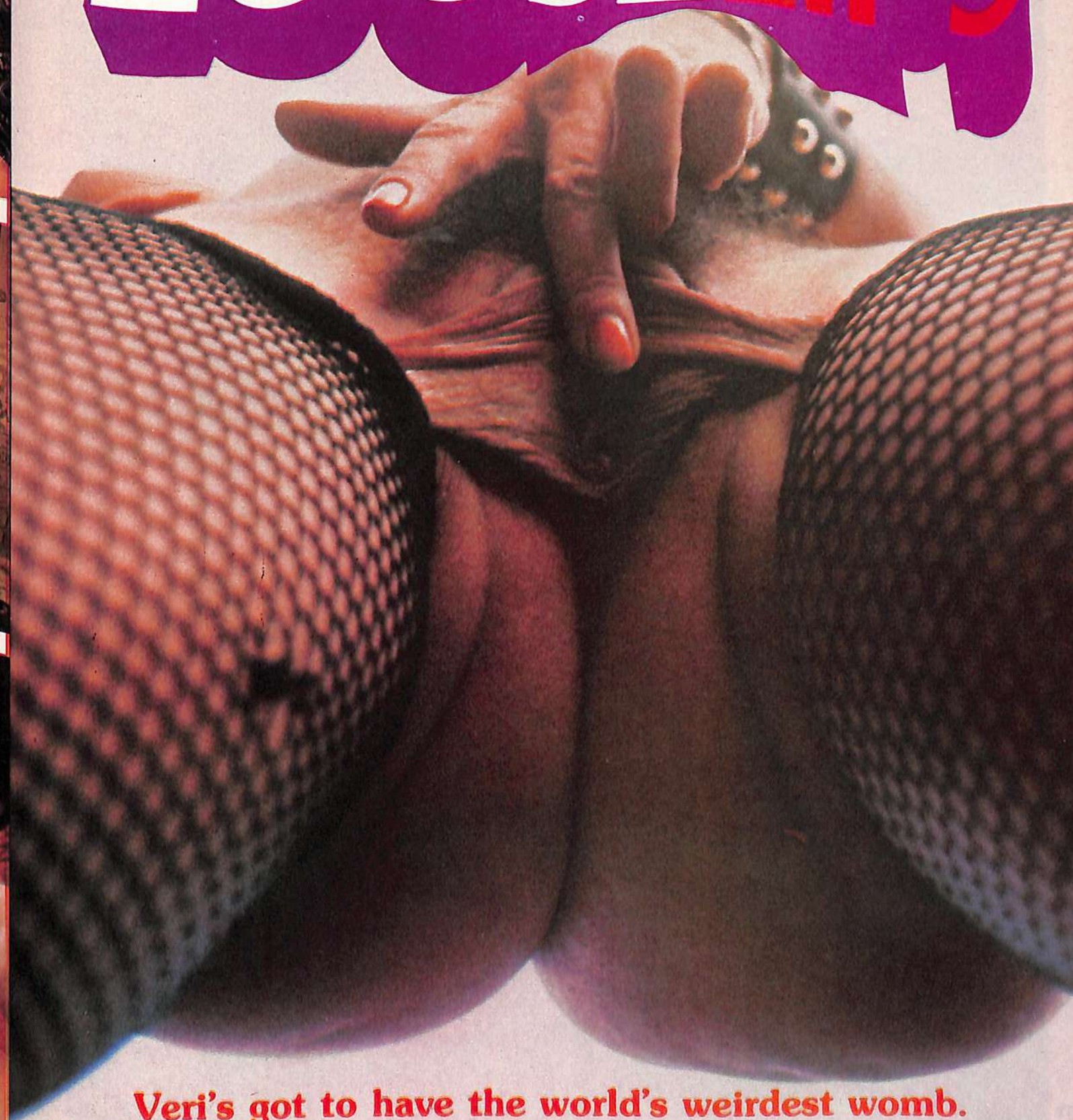




NOVEMBER,
1976

LOOSELIPS:
A KNOTTY
CENTERFOLD

LOOSELIPS



Veri's got to have the world's weirdest womb.



LOOSE LIPS



Veri's an actress and dancer.
Tieing up her twanger in a
bow is part of her strip act.





SAITESOOT



HOOKING THE STREETS OF HOUSTON

By ELIZABETH DEAN
CHERI's Houston Reporter

Photo by John McCraw

What happens
when our Lone Star
Lois Lane decides
to peddle her
pussy in the name
of creative
journalism.

My friend, the editor, called a few weeks ago with what he considered a fantastic idea for a story. Now, the last time my friend called up with a great idea for a story, I was nearly sued for slander. It seems that the owner of Houston's largest chain of adult theaters didn't like my appraisal of his business establishments. So it was with apprehension that I al-

lowed my friend to continue. He said that a lot of the men's magazines were coming out with "inside" articles on prostitution, massage parlors and other sexually-oriented occupations. He wanted me to do something along the same lines but from a different angle. None of the articles he had read were written from the prostitute's viewpoint. Would I consider doing a prostitution article, based

on true experiences, with myself as the star witness? Believe it or not, the idea intrigued me. I don't think there are many women around who haven't fantasized at least a little about being alone in a strange room with a strange man, selling their charms for money, instead of a new stove. My friend was kind enough to provide me with the name of a lawyer friend of his who could get me started in the business of peddling my sexual "wares".

Charlie, my editor's friend, was as boisterous as his name sounded, a big fellow who laughed a lot, although quite serious about both his businesses, his law practice and his entertainment service. He asked me if I had ever known anyone in the profession. I told him the only whores I had ever seen were the ones over on Dowling Street, one of the



HOOKING THE 'STREETS' OF HOUSTON

"Have I lived 23 years to come to this, a half-eaten dinner in an underground parking lot?"

seedier streets in the Third Ward ghetto. Bleach blonde, "gum-popping" visions complete with the latest "Fredrick's of Hollywood" wardrobes, who catered mostly to the blacks in that area. Charlie was quick to correct me, saying that his girls preferred to be known as "escorts". He said that prostitution was becoming an acceptable occupation, drawing everyone from college coeds, to secretaries, to housewives, the main attraction obviously being the money and the flexible working hours. A girl could work for a couple of months, take off for a while, and come back when she was ready, without any problems. Charlie went on to explain that there were several paths a woman could take in Houston if she wanted to sell her "charms". She could work the streets, picking customers at random, giving blow jobs and five minute fucks to the blue collar populace, running the risk of violent clients and the vice squad. Or she could work under the protection of a bar or massage parlor. None of these avenues seem very profitable. Houston, large as it is, isn't large enough to support a large population of street women, nor is it large enough to escape the scrutiny of the predominantly Baptist population. The most famous bordello in Texas, the "Chicken Ranch", just outside the small community of La Grange, was shut down a couple of years ago with the help of a nosey Houston TV reporter.

Charlie felt that the most honorable, professional, and safest path to "hookerdom" was the one he and others such as himself provided. He took 25% of what his "girls" made. In return, he offered protection from the law and hustled up the good customers. All the "escort" had to do was arrive on time at a predetermined place, entertain the client, and take a cab home. As a lawyer, he had a lot of business contacts, most of them being

horny, wealthy, and away from their wives, alone in the big city, looking for a little action along with taking care of business. As a favor to his clients and a money making venture for himself, he supplied them with "entertainment". An arrangement such as this eliminated worries of violence and police for the girl and assured the client he would be getting an attractive, intelligent, discreet companion. The whole thing certainly didn't sound very ominous. I told Charlie to give me a call when he got something.

He called me about a week later. Was I still interested in material for my article? After having a week to consider things, I was on the verge of chickening out on the whole deal. But the visions of fame and fortune boggled my mind. Anything for a story. "Certainly I'm still interested." There it was; I had committed myself. Charlie told me to go to the Golden Dragon at 8:00 and ask for M. Paul Marcell.

"He's a Frenchman and his business is wine. A very nice fellow. You'll like him. Call tomorrow and let me know how it went." Click went the phone. Wham went my heart. I sank onto my bed feeling like I was going to faint. The reality of the situation finally hit and I glanced at the clock. I had a good four hours in which to change my mind, claim female problems, catch the first flight to Cuba, or retire to a nice warm bath and try to get a little perspective on the situation. Throwing wisdom to the wind, I decided on the bath. After all, he was only a harmless little winemaker. Probably fat around the middle and balding. He would kiss me once, pump me twice, cum on my stomach, and pay me off in travelers cheques. The whole affair would take fifteen minutes and I would fantasize him into Richard Dreyfuss.

Now this may appear strange to some of you, but I have never in my short

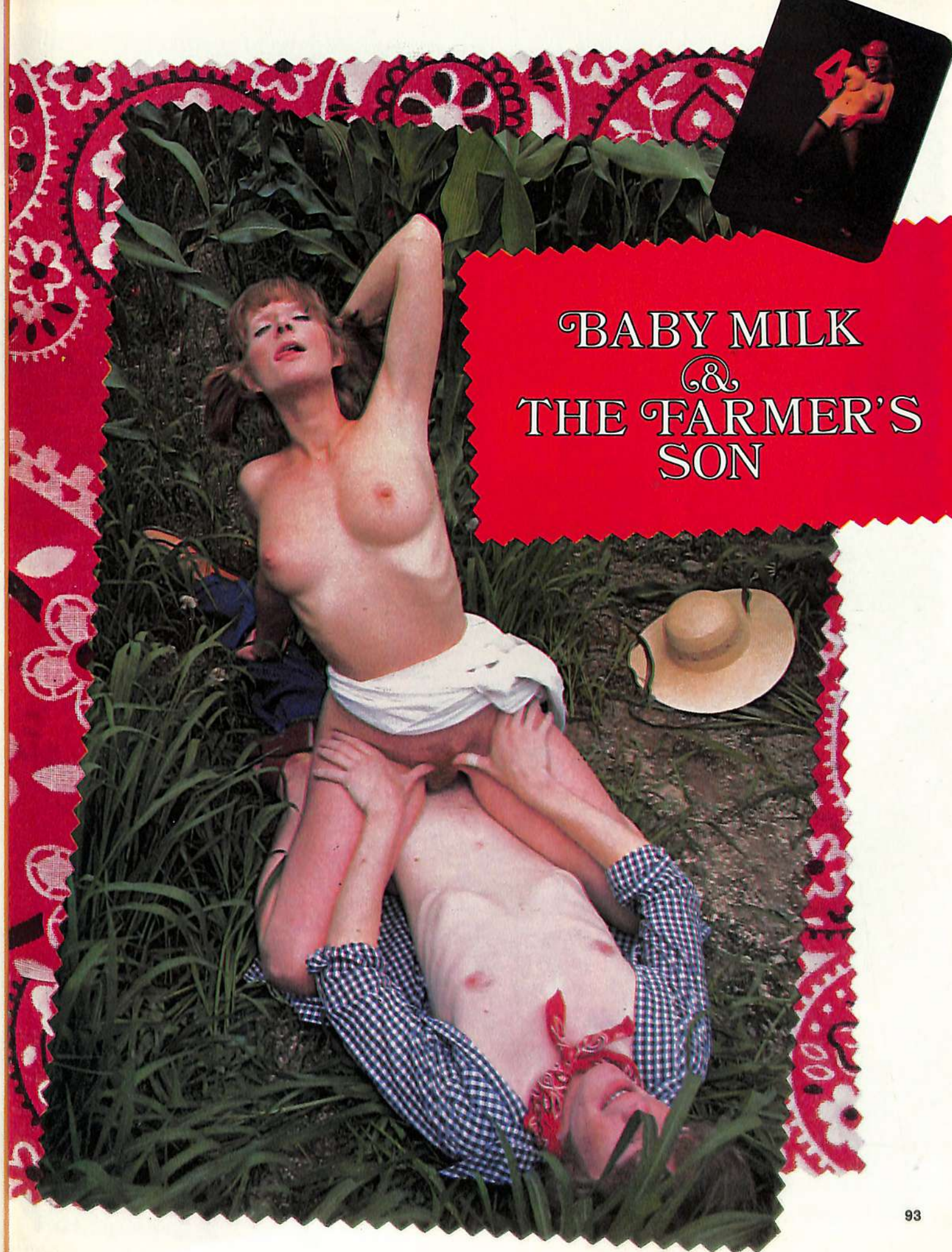
life been inside a nude dancing club. It's not that I have avoided them, I just never had occasion to enter one. I never figured them my "style". The Golden Dragon was just such a place, situated in the middle of downtown Houston, perched atop a twenty-story black-and-chrome office building. You take the elevator up to the twenty-first floor, where you are met by plush carpeting and an Oriental woman wearing nothing but a smile and a red satin G-string, or what I, in my inexperience, refer to as a G-string. I could see the night would promise more than one new experience.

"M. Marcell's table please." She smiled and asked, "Would you be so kind as to wait for a moment, please?" Pointing to a chair to the left of the elevator, she shuffled off into the room. This delay gave me the opportunity to examine my surroundings. It was, as the name implied, an Oriental club (though I'm not sure if club is a fit name for it—it seemed more like the private chambers of a Sixteenth century warlord.) A rich-looking room done in reds and golds. Heavy brocaded drapes dissuaded any city light that might find its way in. The furniture was low to the ground, consisting mostly of long couches and large satin cushions. The air was smoky and smelled very definitely of incense. Who would have thought such a lair existed in the middle of downtown Houston. The whole place seemed very removed in time and place. I could dimly make out the heads of the few customers, all Orientals, from what I could see. I was beginning to wonder about my meek Frenchman. "This way please." The voice of my nattily attired guide (it's best to stay cheerful in these situations) broke through my daydreaming. She led me into that mysterious room with the nude dancing ladies.

He was wearing a white pin-stripe suit and was not fat around the middle and was (Continued on page 101)

cheri

BABY MILK & THE FARMER'S SON





**Getting his
nourishment
direct from
the source,
Calvin finds
out why they
call her
"Babymilk"**

One day Cowpie and Babymilk, emboldened by a scorching noonday sun, decided to copulate amongst the crops. It was a sweaty and lusty undertaking and they undertook it some six times. For Babymilk, the experience brought back fond memories of her days at the Two-Tailed Tomcat Body Rub Salon in downtown Lincoln. For Cowpie, it was a remembrance of his days in the Stallion Service.



DECEMBER,
1976

A MERI
CHERI XMAS



NIPPY DOES IT AGAIN!

In which Nippy Phillips, the Picasso of Pink, takes luscious Tricha Vest one giant step closer to the ultimate photographic photorgasm.

Photographs by Nippy Phillips







HOOKING THE STREETS OF HOUSTON

(Continued from page 92)

not balding. Very much the opposite. I should be paying this man to fuck me? I introduced myself, he stood and motioned for me to sit. My mind was clicking like a camera. He was beautiful. The thing I remembered most about him later was his black eyes and manicured hands. I've never known a man with manicured hands. He dazzled me. I simply hadn't expected to like him. He offered me a drink and we made polite conversation. He talked mostly about his home in Cannes, a medium-size town on the Mediterranean Coast, and his wife and two children. I lost my initial nervousness almost immediately, allowing all those ingrained female instincts to take over. I was becoming charming, witty, knowledgeable and sexy all at once.

M. Marcell's mild and pleasant manner changed somewhat when we arrived at his hotel suite. He became very authoritative and told me to strip. I made a move to the bathroom to comply with his demand but he insisted that I do it in front of

him—and slowly. This business could certainly keep a person on their toes. I started a slow rhythmic dance (one I hadn't attempted since Jazz Dance in high school) discarding my clothing at undetermined points around the room. I almost broke my neck trying to gracefully remove my stockings, but he was so busy rubbing his crotch he never noticed. His erection was encouraging. Perhaps the lessons were not wasted after all. M. Marcell comes to me and begins sucking my nipples. He caresses my ass and I reach inside his pants. His cock is hard and I can feel the blood pulsing through it. He tells me he wants me to suck his cock until he cums. He lets his pants drop and I go to my knees. He smells of expensive soap. His cock throbs next to my nose and I can feel the heat of it. I take it into my mouth and run my tongue the length of it, sucking the head with a gentle circular motion. He is moaning and clutching my hair. I think, this isn't such a bad way to earn money. That is until M. Marcell abruptly jams his

cock down my throat, almost choking me to death. But he is oblivious to my gagging sounds. He holds my head still with his hands and runs his cock in and out. I am sure he will have teeth marks the length of it. I can feel the cum pass up the dick before it actually reaches the head. It explodes in my mouth and he takes it out and shoots the rest of it in my eyes; (I mentally add a pair of eye glasses to my expense account). I try to escape to the bath-room to wash my face. He will not let me go (it seems my desires to reach the bathroom are always being foiled by this man), but carries me to the bed and lies me face down. I am wondering when I can possibly leave without being rude.

It takes me a moment before I realize that M. Marcell is tying my limbs to the bed with little silk scarves. Where is my little Frenchman? Where is my editor? I try to reason with M. Marcell but he is past reasoning and is already pointing that cock of his at other than normal places. I have been ass-fucked. I don't want to be ass-fucked. This magazine doesn't pay me enough to get ass-fucked. He is murmuring French words of passion and I am murmuring American words of panic. Please to my editor, promises to God and country that if I can get out of here in one piece I will get a

job doing fashion reviews for *Good Housekeeping*.

M. Marcell paid me \$200 for about three hours of my company. That's not including dinner and drinks and cab fare home. Not bad for three hours work if you dismiss my poor asshole. It seems pretty comical looking back on it. Of course, not all the tricks were like this and I did eventually meet those fat and balding clients. On my second time out, Charlie set me up with a real estate salesman from Dallas. We met at, of all places, a cafeteria.

The rest of the time was pretty bland. I went out eight times all told. Sometimes to give head, sometimes to get head. I only got fucked twice the whole night. When I left, all the other street girls were still displaying their wares. They had a pretty productive corner going for them. I had made about what I would have made on a night for a big spender. The difference was I had to mess with more people this way. Also I'm not so sure it would be this profitable in other places. I think it was all a worthwhile experience but not something I ever want to do again. I plan on taking all my earnings and going on a nice long vacation to a sunny island. The business won't miss the loss of one whore.

Honey

W

Midnite

(Continued from page 28)

above their waists. There's plenty of allure on the streets to take home and play with and then toss aside. But Lord, despite his reservations about giving up his freedom, found himself growing more and more attached to Honey. Her helplessness demanded firm, almost paternal supervision. A terrifying responsibility for anyone to assume. But Honey's devotion is as lusty as the rhythms of her body, and Lord's protection has been amply rewarded with her unswerving love, no matter who touches her body. That kind of woman is not so easy to find.

Their relationship is solid. Honey works seven days a week and Lord manages her. They both understand the rules. They belong to each other and they do not countenance extramarital affairs. Honey coils her fist and

grates her teeth angrily when she recalls Lord's too-evident pleasure at the sight of other naked woman, pink as seashells, in a men's

magazine. She doesn't want to know about, doesn't want to feel his attraction to anyone else. One man, one meaningful relationship is what she wants. It helps, more than anything else, to numb the past.

Stripping is her work, their bread and butter, and the nameless men grappling with her body are the best means that she knows of to the end called survival. Certainly she can detach her feelings from her body. And who can criticize this capacity of hers? How many of us and how many times do we flaunt our sexuality, give it away like alms. Today's social scene is teeming with emotionless sex, people

looking for superficial pleasures and little ego boosts as quick and artificial as instant mashed potatoes. The major difference is that detachment is what Honey's job calls for. Her human relationships are another matter. To them she is committed and responsible, old-fashioned some might say. Honey's style of sexual liberation isn't couched in intellectual explanations that draw the blanket over the surface hypocrisy. She's good at what she does, she likes doing it, and she makes a living at it. It's clear where she stands. She's honest, and there's dignity in that. She'll tease your cock if you want her to, but that's your affair and you will have to pay for it. Then again, unlike others, she actually produces, a little white cunt juice, but that too will cost you. Only masturbation, which runs a poor second, can offer what she offers—titillation without reprisals. Here is the fresh challenge, the evasive set of well-shaped legs that need to be straddled, renewing itself and ever eager to provoke without any effort or care on

your part. When Honey dances, when she spreads her legs, she is Woman without any of her human frailty.

Honey has her aspirations. She wants to be a filmstar. Like any one else, in order to succeed she's trying to find a way around the weaknesses in her character, trying to offset her past failures by working hard. In doing so, she has learned to use the baser truths that she understands all too well—the incest, the undisguised lust, the power of those who have over those who want—just like others use textbooks. She conjures up all these things for you—you can pick your favorite from your own background—when she wiggles her behind, and she is exploiting them for her own commercial success. In essence, she is exploiting her past, just like the rest of us do, if we are clever enough. On stage the tables are turned. Finally, Honey Midnite, graduate from the world of the deaf, isn't the vulnerable one anymore. She is avenging her past and her audience keeps coming back for more.

MISS VICKIE

(Continued from page 48)

"No, doll, I'm high for another reason. How about splitting and going someplace quiet."

"Like your pad . . . I hope?"

"Sure, why not. I've got some wild things to tell you and, if you can handle it, I'll show you. . . ."

Miss Vickie's apartment is lavishly and elegantly decorated. It's nothing but class—and oriented to her particular sexual tastes.

"What'd you like to drink, Lisa?"

"The usual. Gin and seven."

"Want something to munch on?" Vickie asked convivially.

"Yeh, you!" responded Lisa, moving closer.

They kissed passionately, then hugged and loved each other for a long while. As she undressed Vickie, Lisa moved her mouth down between the dark-maned goddess' legs, kissing the moist thatch, licking the insides of her thighs, and finally lapping the glisteny pink interior.

Vickie shifted position so that now she could use her own warm tongue on Lisa's quivering belly. She is a master lover and teased the young girl until her wanton pussy began lurching forward for more and more.

They squirmed and loved for at least an hour. Then, as Lisa began the crazed process of orgasm, spurred on by the deep, penetrating strokes of Vickie's tongue, she began to writhe in profound and glorious pleasure.

Even in the heat of her own passion, Vickie's thoughts returned to the image of her slave chained to the tree. The thoughts aroused her to even greater heights. "Why not take Lisa to see him? She's got a cool head. She can handle that scene," she thought.

Vickie rose from the bed excitedly. "Lisa . . . wait . . . please stop . . . I must tell you something."

Perplexed and aboil with passion, Lisa lifted her head from its moist meal. "What could be so important that you'd want to stop this beautiful scene?" she asked.

"Have you ever seen a male slave?"

"What are you talking about, woman?"

"I'm serious. I mean it. I want you to come with me on a far-out trip. I mean super-far-out and super-erotic. Can you handle it?"

"Chick, I will try anything once. Tell me what this is all about."

"I have a male slave tied up somewhere. In the straight world, he's a real heavy, a corporate executive. But this morning, he's only my dog. He is totally mine for whatever use I want of him. And you'll love what I have in store for him. I am going to share him with you. He is tied up in the woods on the riverside. I left him there last night before I got to the disco. Are you beginning to see now why I was high without even drinking?"

"You're serious, aren't you? I can't believe it. I thought stuff like this only goes on in Victorian novels. Come on, admit it, you're putting me on."

"Get down on me again, chick, and I'll show you later. We'll have some fun with him

in the morning. Tonight, you'll sleep with me. Tomorrow we'll have a ball with him!"

It was 5:30 am and just starting to get light when Vickie's car, turning cautiously down a lonely dirt road, suddenly lurched to a halt. There was not a sign of life anywhere and the journey down the twisting, narrow path had frightened Lisa. The absence of sound and the overwhelming sense of dislocation were a new experience for her.

Lisa wondered how Vickie could do this by herself—go to a deserted place late at night and tie a strong, fully-grown man naked to a tree. She glanced over at her friend.

Miss Vickie was lost in deep thought. Maybe there wasn't anybody out there at all. Maybe she was being tricked. Maybe Miss Vickie had chosen her as the victim. Lisa's heart beat with alarming rapidity and she took a deep breath. Suddenly, she was overwhelmed with an erotic warmth the likes of which she'd never imagined possible.

"Will I be Vickie's new slave girl?" she thought.

She didn't dare say a word.

Being a very psychic person, Miss Vickie could read the thoughts flashing through Lisa's troubled mind. She was testing her purposely, subtly initiating the process of enslavement.

"Sit closer to me, Lisa!" she commanded.

Lisa gazed at her, trembling, and followed the order. In the back of her mind, she heard an imaginary cell door slam shut. Vickie's hands fondled the warm hollow between her legs. How tender and loving Vickie was! Lisa moved even closer to her mistress.

"You are thinking about us, aren't you, Lisa. You're wondering what's in store for us. I know you, Lisa. I know you love me. . . ."

Lisa was speechless, lost. She didn't know what to think or what exactly to expect.

"Get out of the car, girl. We walk from here."

Lisa responded obediently. They walked a couple of feet before Vickie stopped and pointed.

"Over there!"

The sight flabbergasted Lisa. There was Vickie's slave, helplessly chained to a tree by his waist. His arms were chained to his abdomen and his legs were bound together. He was blindfolded.

"What a fine specimen he is, Vickie. I see you even have him dressed up in ladies' lingerie!" The spectacle excited Lisa—but she also felt a tinge of disappointment at not being her lover's chosen victim.

"What's the matter, Lisa? Did you think I was bringing you as my slave girl to my wooded hideaway?"

"I have to admit that *did* cross my mind."

"Disappointed?"

"I guess."

"I knew that already. I knew you were thinking about it. I feel it, Lisa. I know you too well."

"Now wait just a minute. . . . I've fantasized these things when I was really hot and heavy into a sex scene but I've never done anything like this before. I've never even *seen* anything like it."

They kissed.

"Perhaps," murmured Vickie, "one day it will be your turn."

Lisa moaned.

"Are you ready for my slave?"

"Yes."

"Walk in total silence. Don't say a word

until I give you some sort of a signal."

Ahead of them, the slave stood uncomfortably in the cool chill of the morning dew. He heard the crackle of a twig and cocked his head. "Miss Vickie, Miss Vickie? Is that you, Miss Vickie? Oh, please, dear God, is that you?"

Silence followed. The girls stopped in place.

"Oh, please, Miss Vickie, say it's you. I can't take being here any longer. Please, please release me from this torment."

Not a word came from either girl.

The man's pride crumbled totally. He was losing all emotional control, behaving much in the manner of a dog who had been left chained up by its master and was now sensing his return.

The girls circled him several times, wordlessly. His mental anguish was unbearable: perhaps it was not his mistress at all?

But who could it be? Why didn't they talk? The agony was mind-bending.

His thoughts were broken by Miss Vickie's hand grasping and squeezing his balls from behind. "OWWWW," he shrieked. With her free hand, she grasped his neck and bent it backwards.

"What a noisy animal you are. Do you realize you're awakening everyone within a mile of us? Do you want to draw crowds? Do you want a mob to witness the spectacle of your degradation?"

She gave him a tremendous slap across his ass.

"I hope you've had as pleasant an evening as I have."

"Please, Mistress, don't leave here again. It's been terrible waiting. I'll do all your bidding . . . anything you like. . . . I will please you!"

"Shut up. I don't care to hear your squabbling!" Vickie laughed and squeezed his balls even tighter.

"By the way, you already have company here this morning. . . . Tell me, how many hands do you feel?"

"Two," he cried.

"Where are they, Slave Al?"

"OWWWW. On my . . . balls and . . . my neck, Mistress," he yelled.

Now Miss Vickie gestured to Lisa to pinch his breasts hard. He moaned with pain.

"How many hands now?"

"Four."

She came in front of the slave and removed the blindfold. It was wet from his tears.

"This is Lisa, slave. Bow your head and come to your knees. You will greet her by kissing her feet."

He obeyed immediately.

"Being out here all alone has done wonders for you. You are beginning to get the rudiments of discipline. . . ."

Eyes riveted on her male prey, she grazed a hand over Lisa's tit. "My friend tells me she's never seen a man dressed in garter belt and nylons before so I've decided to show you off. . . . You do accent your sexy attire in such a lovely manner."

The slave looked down at the dew-wet ground, beaten and humiliated.

"Have you ever whipped a man's ass, Lisa?"

"No, Vickie, but I think I'd get off on that!"

Vickie laughed, looking straight into Al's eyes. "Looks as though you've volunteered, slave."

(Continued on page 104)

cheri

NOW! YOU CAN MAKE ME YOUR

"SEX SLAVE"

The fantastic feeling of oneness I get when I'm with a man.

I know I have a body that's made for physical love. Slow to turn on, but hard to turn off. I can be a smouldering mirage of erupting desires, a passionate playmate, unpredictable as a tropical storm, and between my thighs is the most fantastic built in female organ and ass you have ever imagined. And my crimson lips are as soft and sensuous and as fiery as the final plunge. For me the greatest ecstasy is in giving it — to the lover who owns me. I'm a tigress, with voluptuous tits and sultry eyes! Imagine being in bed with me — imagine me practically moaning and screaming like a jungle cat, wrapping my legs tightly around the body of my man, practically scoring your back with my nails. At last letting myself be tamed by my man. For my man, no sexual whim is too far out — it's all a release for my

FOR MY MAN,
NO
SEXUAL WHIM
IS
TOO FAR OUT!

A "SEX SLAVE"
IS WILLING — NO EAGER —
TO HAVE A BALL
WHENEVER YOU ARE!
TO DO WHATEVER
YOU WANT ME TO DO,
WHENEVER YOU WANT!
PLEASE MAKE ME
YOUR "SEX SLAVE"

overpowering animal vitality and boy do I love deep throat action. . . . I'm begging for a taste of your tool . . . on my knees I feel like being used.

Now I have been re-created for you in the form of your very own "SEX SLAVE" for you to use in your own lifetime . . . right now before you are too old to enjoy me! I stand 5' 2", with soft large breasts, a built-in female organ, flesh-like body, French and Greek design and open mouth deep throat action better than you ever dreamed. I have complete electronic functioning organs to really drive you wild any time you wish. So don't just think about buying me obey your impulse to really find out how it feels to let me please you and thrill you like you've never been thrilled before! Simply complete and mail the "SEX SLAVE" purchase order form below.

I ONLY WANT
TO HELP
MY MAN
GET HIS
ROCKS OFF!!!

Make check, money order payable and mail to:

P-H SALES DEPT. CH-8
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All orders are discreetly packed and promptly sent. Please RUSH me my very own "SEX SLAVE" for me to do with whatever I wish.

A. I enclosed \$17.95 for my "SEX SLAVE" with one opening
B. I enclosed \$29.95 for my "SEX SLAVE" with three openings
C. I enclosed \$45.00 for my "SEX SLAVE" with everything complete to drive me wild!

N.Y. residents please add local sales tax, sorry no C.O.D.'s Add \$2.00 extra for postage and handling and insurance.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MISS VICKIE

(Continued from page 102)

She paused and chortled. "Down on your knees with your head to the ground," she commanded. "You will take everything that comes to you!" She sat haughtily on his backside with her boot on the back of his neck.

"I'm telling you once—and only once—that if you even think about disobeying, I will bind your arms around that tree and leave you. You will enjoy another very long wait, believe me, before you ever see me again!"

She pointed to the car. "Lisa, in the trunk of my car you will find a number of implements for giving our friend here a nice red ass. Choose a paddle, a whip, a riding crop . . . whatever. We will have fun with this stupid slave!"

Lisa returned with a black riding crop. Vickie smiled, "Excellent choice, my dear. That crop really smarts and each lash leaves a beautiful welt and a sting that's unreal!"

Vickie jumped off her slave and stood over him, locking his head between her legs. "He is yours now, Lisa, so use him as you wish!" Inexperienced, and afraid she would hurt him, Lisa merely swatted his cheeks a few times. "For God's sake, chick, lay it on him! He deserves it, believe me!"

Lisa repeated her tentative strokes, leaving Vickie greatly disappointed. "Here, let me show you how to handle this slave. You, slave, are not to move. Do you read me loud and clear?"

"Yes'm," he whimpered. She seized the crop and expertly laid ten smart lashes across his ass. He moaned as silently as possible.

"Okay, Lisa, now it's your turn. And you'd better do it as I did or I might just decide to have you take his place."

Lisa's body tingled with fear and desire. Vickie's sly innuendos were programming Lisa for future servitude.

Lisa picked up the riding crop and laid a dozen severe lashes across the slave's butt. Much to her own amazement, she was beginning to love what she was doing.

The slave cried like a baby and Miss Vickie smiled.

Lisa had powerful arms and soon was much harder on the pitiful man than Miss Vickie had been.

"Sit up, slave, and show Lisa how grateful you are."

"Thank you, Miss Lisa," he said meekly, gently touching his reddened rear end.

Vickie strolled over to Lisa, lifted up her skirt, and pulled off her panties. The blonde vixen was spell-bound and weak with anticipation.

The crotch of her panties was soaked with her love juices.

"Here, slave, for being such a good boy and taking your punishment so well, you will be rewarded by being permitted to suck the juices from these fouled panties as I hold them to your mouth."

The slave was drooling over the sopping panties, longing to taste their delectable sweetness. He reached for them with his tongue but Vickie pulled them away abruptly.

The game of tease-and-take went on for a few moments until Miss Vickie finally allowed him to tongue them.

"Suck, slave," she ordered. And he did . . . for several minutes. He was like a small child sucking a thick milk shake through a straw. "Lisa, have you ever had anyone put their tongue up your ass?"

"No, but it sounds far-out."

"Good, then lift your skirt and bend over in front of this worthless ass-licker."

As she bent over, exposing the most private vistas of her beautiful ass, the man surged with excitement.

"Do the best ass-licking you've ever done in your life and do it now, slave!" Vickie ordered.

The slave worked her ass over feverishly, knowing full well that his punishment would be harsh if he disappointed her.

Moans and groans of satisfaction emerged from Lisa's lips as she rotated her gorgeous buns on the hungry, hard-at-work tongue.

"Shall we take this wretch home with us or just leave him here for the rest of the day?" "Please, Miss Vickie, I beg you to take me with you. I just can't take this place again alone. Keep me in your trunk or tie me up in your chambers. I won't disobey you in any manner."

"Look at him beg, Lisa. Isn't he amusing? What do you think, should we honor his requests? Wouldn't it be delightful to take him home and put him through his paces?"

"I'd love to see that. Yes, let's do it."

Lisa was becoming very excited. Vickie unlocked the chain from around the tree and carried it in her hands, using it as a leash and leading him around like a dog.

"You will crawl to the car on your knees, like the cur you are! You will crawl with your nose to the ground. And while you're crawling, slave Al, allow me to remind you of all the little people you've stepped on in your capacity as an oil executive. If they could only see you now!"

She pushed his face into the dirt. "Faster, crawl faster. . . Much faster!" She yanked his chain. "Now climb into the trunk where you belong!"

"Oh no. Please no." "What did you say?" "Nothing, mistress. I'm sorry." She kicked him in the ass. "Inside, slave. . . Now!"

The prospect of the trunk as his new prison grieved him, but he climbed in.

The car shot off down the road.

The girls stopped at a busy restaurant for breakfast, leaving the slave trapped in the trunk for over an hour. He was terrified by the sounds of muffled footsteps and voices coming and going as people walked by the car. Miss Vickie understood the psychological effect this would have on him and purposely took her time eating. Lisa was loving every minute of this game and she knew Vickie knew she was. Lisa's eyes danced as Vickie discussed new torments for their slave.

When he heard Vickie climb into the front seat and start the engine, the slave sighed with relief. They drove for approximately five minutes and then made another stop. He listened carefully, trying to figure where they were and it didn't take long before he knew. "Fill 'er up?"

"Regular, please."

The noise of the gas pump gush was only

inches away from his head, cradled and trapped in its tight cell.

"This car's a beauty," said a deep voice. "A custom job, huh?"

"Yes," responded Vickie, "and I really dig it. Thanks for the compliment."

The slave could hear the click of her heels as she circled the car to show the attendant the special deck in back.

"This is my favorite part," she said, slapping her hand on the trunk. "Want to see what's inside?"

TO BE CONTINUED

COCKSUCKING

(Continued from page 19)

and prove I was wrong. Obviously he just wanted an excuse to try me.

PETER: Can you tell from looking at a man, talking with him, exactly what he'd like?

MAGGIE: I usually do go by my first impression. What he says in the first five minutes tells me a lot. The looks he gives me, how he comes on, what body language he uses . . .

PETER: You know when we run these contests, I sometimes get very spaced-out broads, but with you it seems more of a declaration of personal independence.

MAGGIE: Yeah! My declaration of independence from my boyfriend—but he won't know it 'til it's printed.

PETER: But he does like having his cock sucked.

MAGGIE: Definitely. But he's not as enjoyable as most men—all his life he was brought up to eat, sleep, work and fuck, and his thing is dominance. A woman's supposed to cook, clean, have babies and stay home all the time. But I told him before I moved in that I wasn't the homemaker type.

PETER: And he did take that nude picture of you . . .

MAGGIE: Yeah, he thinks that if he loosens up the relationship maybe I'll stick around longer. But I'm really into freedom—now that my mother's gonna adopt my son. I like to get out and run around. I'm totally free now, and I enjoy it. Like coming here—a lot of people I work with got hostile when the magazine came out. Some girls and older women wouldn't speak to me at all. But my true friends congratulated me and loaned me jewelry and suitcases. The only thing was that they had a heavy weekend coming up, and they wished it could've been some other time.

PETER: Any other great cocksucking sagas you've left out?

MAGGIE: Oh yeah . . . another one of my obscure jobs. I was working in the darkroom of a film-developing company. The room was pitch black and you had to buzz to go in or out. It was eighteen or nineteen women and one lone man, and of course I couldn't resist pulling a prank. . . .

MAGGIE: Well, one night, when we were all working away splicing film, I crawled under the worktables . . . and I snuck up . . . and put the do to him.

PETER: Amazing. Didn't he make any noise?

MAGGIE: No, he was really silent . . . great

(Continued on page 106)

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COCKSUCKING

(Continued from page 104)

control. I dropped by his machine and unzipped his pants and went to it. By this time he knew what was happening and I could feel him get real excited. Then when it was over I walked out with a real shit-eatin' grin on my face, because not one other worker knew what happened.

To me, that's exciting. When I first started giving head, it was a dirty thing, and I was so shy I used to cover myself up with a blanket. I was so backward I couldn't bear the idea of anyone watching. Then I made a trip to Florida, and the men down there were wide open. The first time I ever had a climax, I was three sheets to the wind on a single bed with this super guy and another couple. We'd stayed up all night drinking and playing cards. Oh, he was such a super guy... I'll never forget his name, Worm, can you believe that? **PETER** Worm?

MAGGIE And he told me he'd protect me from the other guys, just to sleep on the inside of the bed and no one would bother me. But when I get drunk I get horny, so we got it on. God, it was marvelous. He was a super gentle, super sensuous, super kind—one of the best. I never knew I could respond like that.

When I got back to Dayton I was a different girl. No more guilt feelings... I started taking on a different attitude, and it was very noticeable. This scared a few men... small-town men aren't used to a girl reacting in sex, she's supposed to just lay there and not move. But I really wanted to boogie, no matter how many guys I scared off. I had two virgins, country boys, for a start.

PETER How did greater downtown Dayton take to this?

MAGGIE I had some dates that were really frightened. I never saw them again. Have you ever been to Dayton? Or any real small town? It does have its in-places and its university—but most people are redneck factory workers who moved up from Kentucky. Very limited viewpoints. You talk about drugs, sex, alcohol, homosexuality—and they think you've come straight from the devil. And God will punish you, too!

Sex especially is unmentionable. My mother never mentioned it, so I learned it all from kids in school. When I started to work, well, many of the people were older, so it was never discussed at all, unless I had a close girlfriend my own age.

PETER No wonder you were so quiet when we all had dinner together last night.

MAGGIE I admit, it was a total shock. I couldn't imagine a group of people sitting around talking about sex. I just listened to each girl, to try and figure out if she was phony or real.

PETER And you were the realest of all. With all this enlightening experience, what do you consider the best situation for your ultimate blow job?

MAGGIE Okay, the first thing is... all the time in the world. The perfect blow job takes hours and hours. It's really something to aim for. Of course, a younger man can't hold back as well as an older man, but he rejuvenates much faster. The real problem is that so many of them are married, and can't spare the time.

PETER I know... it's tough.

MAGGIE But if he can, I like to take a bath and spend some time talking together. Then a massage with lotion, all over. Then, since he's clean, I'll give him a tongue bath, starting with the back of his neck, his ears, down his back, his legs, to his toes. Then I'll turn him over and work back up the front, slowly, kissing him, nibbling on him. This itself takes almost a full hour...

Then I'll concentrate on the strong points, the ones that caused the oohs and aahhs. I'll get a little rougher, and tease him, licking around the balls, and underneath, and between the thighs. That's a very sensual place for a man, you know.

PETER... I've heard.

MAGGIE Then I'll start kissing around the cock, licking up and down. I'll take the head in my mouth for just a moment, then go back to licking up and down the shaft. But when he starts getting eager, really hostile, when I know he really wants it, I'll go all the way down.

PETER How do you feel about a guy pushing your head down first?

MAGGIE It depends on his emotions, his anger and frustration... If that's the only way he can get off, then it's all right with me. It's what behind it... and he can't get too vicious, or rough to the point of injury. But

mostly I just take my time, teasing super-slowly, then I increase the pace when I can feel he needs it. As I'm going down, I lick the sides with my tongue, going deeper and deeper... and then I swallow. That part takes no time at all.

PETER Do you like to deep throat?

MAGGIE Not particularly. I can do it, there's nothing to it, but where's the technique in that? Style is what takes time, that and patience and a little bit of the devil in you, to tease.

PETER Do you ever come like this?

MAGGIE I get quite excited, yes, but not to the point of climax. That I save for last. And I don't like coming together in 69, because it disturbs my concentration. If he's gonna eat me I'd rather he did it first off, so I can get my nerves back and my concentration focused.

Great cocksucking is give and take, knowing a man's emotions and needs. Sometimes I'll go out for a one-night stand, but for the sex to be really good I like to have a relationship with him. Even if it's built around sex it can last for months... years... depending. And I'm not talking about falling in love... just a giving, working, loving relationship, a mutual give-and-take between us with a man who thinks about my needs, too.



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PHOTOS BY CARL KRAVATS

PHIL: Sure. We had a real big fight the other day at the Roxy. We were ready to just pack it in and say all right, this is enough, we're driving each other nuts. Then twenty-five minutes later we were up on stage screwing again. And we were mad as hell at each other.

MILNER: And afterwards?

PHIL: We just picked up our clothes, said thank you to the audience, and came down. That was it.

MILNER: The fucking didn't help you to make up?

TERRI: Ha!

PHIL: No, because usually there's no climax, you know. I only cum if they pay me extra.

MILNER: Then how many times can you...?

PHIL: I have done it four times a day over a period of three weeks. And at these two Times Square theaters where they pay me to cum, I climaxed a grand total of a hundred and fourteen times in a row, and never missed a show.



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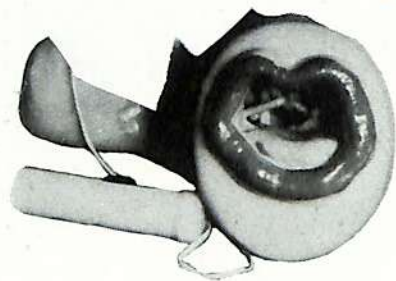


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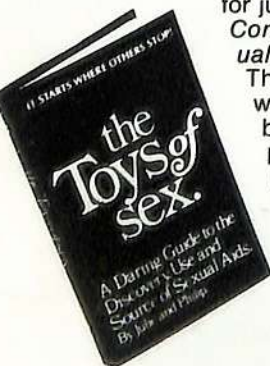
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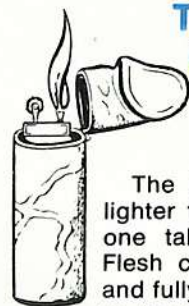
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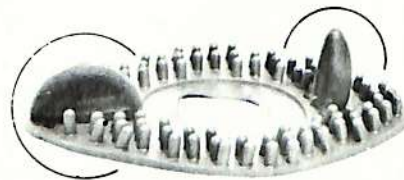
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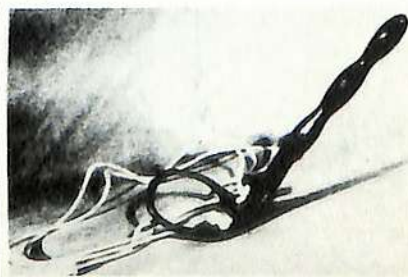
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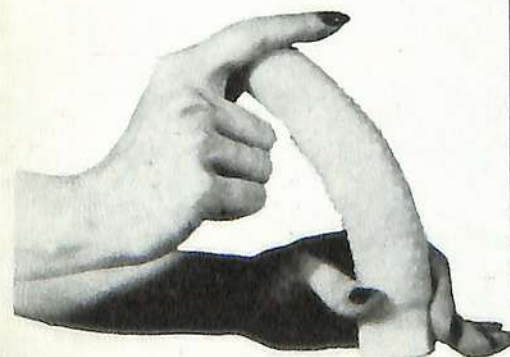
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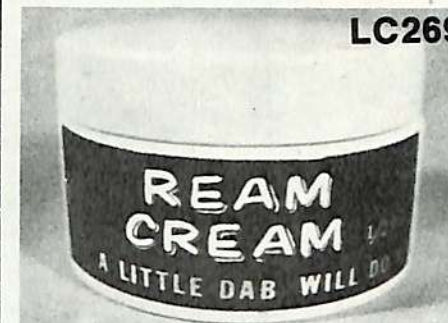
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**LCB11S
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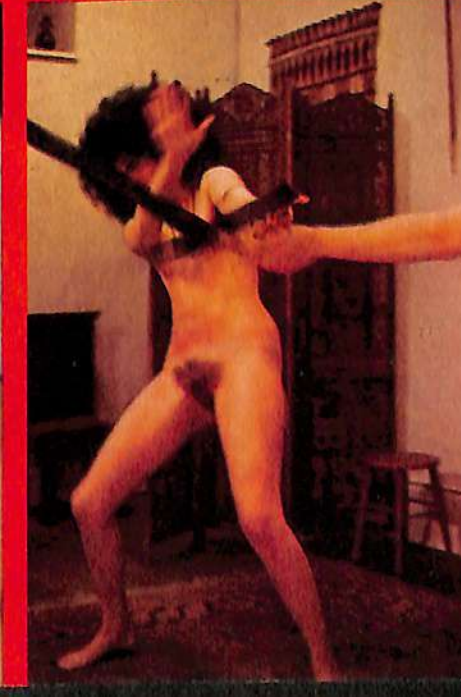
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